

PLUCK AND LUCK

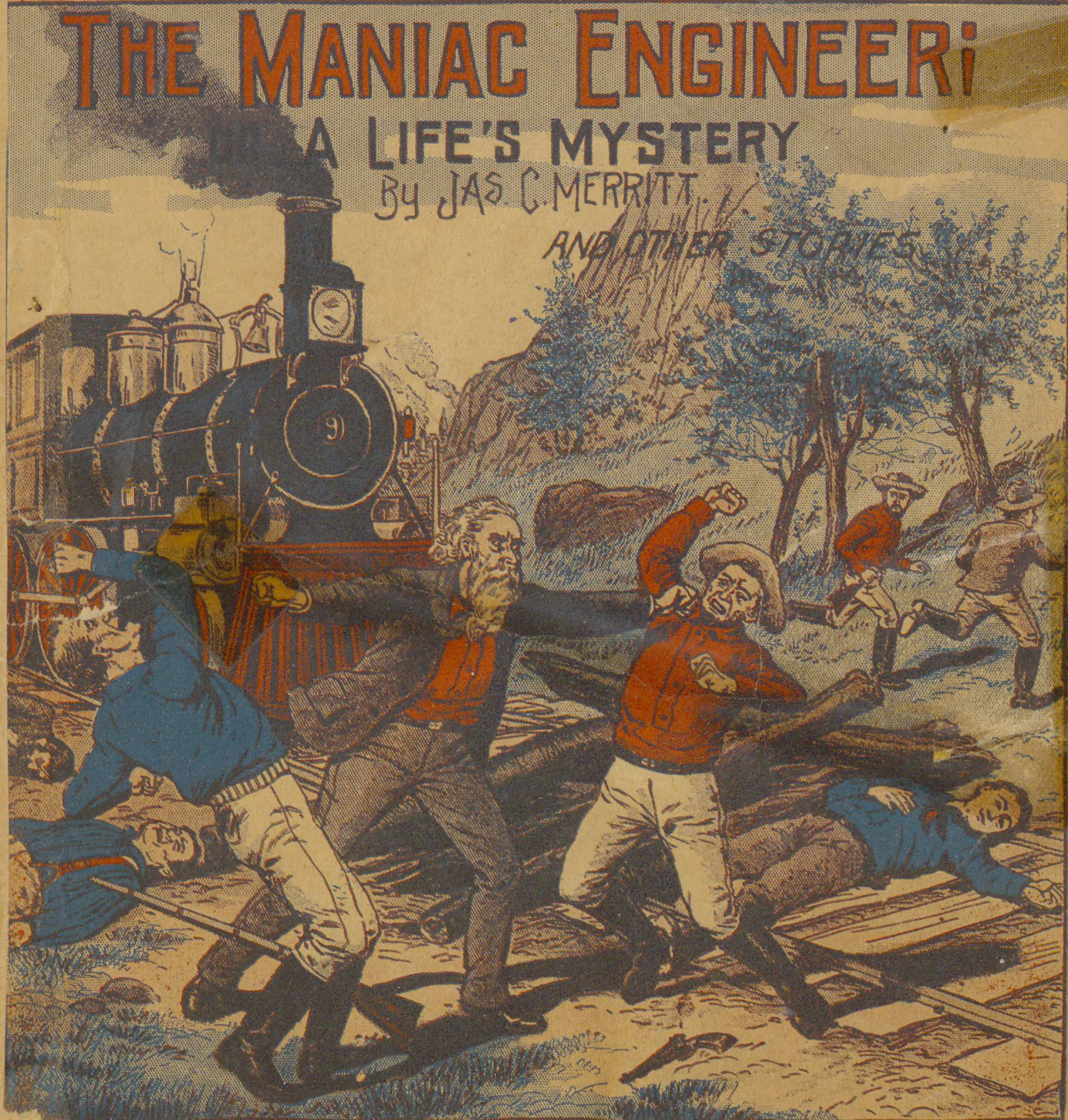
COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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No. 1045.

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1918.

Price SIX Cents



Ah, who's going to run the engine now?" asked one of the men with a laugh. "I am!" shouted a voice, and a tall man with long, white hair and beard suddenly appeared in their midst.

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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The Maniac Engineer

OR

A LIFE'S MYSTERY

By JAS. C. MERRITT

CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN UPON AN ERRAND OF DEATH.

"Hey, Rod!"

"Well, Turk?"

"We must get to business."

"That we must."

"But I say, Rod?"

"Spit it out!"

"It must be done up in good style."

"You're right!"

"No bungling, Rod."

"Right you are, Turk. We don't want to have to do it over again."

"I guess not."

"And the money will be paid down handsome as soon as it is over."

"He's good pay, the boss is."

"I should say so."

"Why can't he hide the chap away. What's the good of blood, anyhow?"

"Thunder and guns, man, won't it be worse by and by if it ain't done up slick now?"

"How so?"

"Supposing the lad grows up?"

"Supposing he does?"

"Won't he be wanting to know everything, who he is and all that. He'll find out, of course, and then Tom Jewell will be in a pretty fix, won't he?"

"How will he?"

"The lady will know that he lied to her, and he will not get a cent. All her relatives will have it."

"Can't a man do what he likes with his own wife's money, I'd like to know?"

"Not in this case."

"Why so?"

"Because that infernal old father of hers—he was half crazy, I do believe—left in that way."

"Her husband must be single. If he has had any youngsters by former marriages, neither he nor she get anything but the interest, and when she dies, the principal goes to her relatives."

"What about children of their own?"

"If it's a boy, he gets all when his parents die, they sharing the interest with him while they live; if a girl, she gets ten thousand, that's all."

"And Tom Jewell is bound to get the whole thing in spite of this boy by his first wife that he has stowed way out of sight."

"That's it, and that's why he wants him out of the way."

"Kill his own child?"

"Certainly; he has no love for the brat. It looks too much like the mother."

"She was a good woman?"

"Ay, none better, but Tom Jewell thought she had a for-

tune, and she hadn't a red cent. Her old father lost every cent in speculation."

"Maybe she got fooled, too."

"Thinking he might be rich?"

"That's it."

"No, she wasn't that sort; she married him for love."

"And this one, that he is married to now, and who presented him with a child, a year or more ago, she does not know of the first marriage?"

"No; and she isn't likely to. It was made in New York. The records are safe from the curious; the boy has never been seen by her—he is not known as his child."

"What's the use of blood, then, as I said before? Can't he keep the matter hushed up and go ahead all the same?"

"No, he is afraid of that and, besides, he hates the boy on account of his likeness to his mother."

"Well, I don't know as we care. Money is money, after all, and why shouldn't we earn it as well as somebody else?"

"That's the ticket. It's got to be done, and if we get too blame squeamish, he'll find some one that ain't and they'll get the money."

"That's it again, Turk, and we might better have it than some one who won't do the job up so neat."

"Right you are, Rod. I say, have you seen the maniac lately?"

"Yes, he's on it again. He'll be crazy drunk before he knows it."

"He's a good engineer."

"Yes, when he don't make mistakes."

"A mistake on his part might help us now."

"What are you driving at?"

"He might be made to do this job, you know, lose his place, and then—"

"I understand. We'll get even with him. You hid the last bottle in his cab?"

"Yes."

"Not hidden so carefully but that he, with his thirst for liquor, could smell it out?"

"Trust me for that, Rod. I know how to manage a job of that sort. But I say, my boy, the night is coming on swiftly. We must make tracks."

"Ay, that we must, but let's finish the bottle."

"Here goes, then. Hold your mug, so, that's all you'll get. The rest for me."

They were two precious villains, and, as we will have occasion to speak of them again, it may be well to describe them.

Rodney Jamison, called Rod for brevity, would be known as a villain at first sight, never looking a man square in the face, not even one of his associates in crime, and had beetling brows, shaded by a mass of tangled, grayish hair which hung over his forehead like turf on the edge of a cliff; coarse features, a flat nose, and a mouth tightly closed, the lips just disclosing the white teeth, which showed his animal nature at a glance.

His companion bore the not altogether euphonious name

of Isaac Barak, but was universally known as the Turk, from his swarthy complexion and his habit of wearing a red handkerchief around his head under his rough, slouched hat, and from his inordinate use of the narcotic weed.

The two men, on leaving the house, struck off toward the hills, crossed them, descended on the other side, coming down just by the railroad track.

"What time have you, Rod?"

"Just 7:36, Turk."

"The maniac's train will be due at this point in just twenty minutes."

"You're going to do it that way?"

"Certainly. We'll go up to the house where it is and take it away, and they won't care, anyhow. Tell me," he added suddenly, "what do you see down there by the side of the track?"

"A drunken man! Egad, it's lucky he didn't fall across the rails."

"We can use that drunken fellow, Rod."

"How so?"

"The child is stolen, see, then the man falls drunk alongside the track, while the child is on the track."

"Go on."

"Along comes the maniac's train. He is too drunk to more than run his engine, let alone keeping a lookout, the iron horse catches up the youngster, tosses it, mangled and dead, ahead of it, tramples the life out of it, and our drunken friend gets the credit, while we get the cash. I tell you, Rod, there's nothing like sobriety."

"Egad! you've got a head on you, Turk!"

"Hurry, man. Don't lag so looking at the drunkard. It's only Dan Browning, and he ain't likely to wake up till morning. Hurry, or we will be late."

A few minutes later what do we see?

The two villains just disappearing over the crest of the hill, the drunken man still lying insensible by the side of the track, and upon the track between the rails—oh, horror! a tender infant fast asleep!

And at that moment, the night express train, driven by the maniac engineer, is approaching, its whistle of warning being heard not a mile away.

CHAPTER II.

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF AN IRON HORSE.

Who was the maniac engineer, and why was he thus called?

Was he, in fact, a maniac—an insane person?

If so, why was he permitted to be at large?

Worse than that, why was he given the charge of hundreds of human lives that might be sacrificed by his slightest caprice?

Who could be so rash as to put an insane man in the position of an engineer, a place of utmost responsibility, and one which demanded the clearest head and strongest nerves?

A few words will explain the whole matter.

Frederick Boynton was, when in his normal condition, as a sane man, as good an engineer, and as careful and conscientious an employee as you could find.

He had acquired a fatal taste for strong drink, however, which he had unsuccessfully tried to overcome.

When under the influence of spirituous liquors, he became an entirely different being, his entire nature undergoing a change.

He was a madman, a maniac, a veritable demon, and his ravings at such times were most frightful to behold, and strong men shuddered as they heard his drunken yells.

He was absolutely uncontrollable when thus excited by drink, and no one could tell what mad freak he might commit.

The safety of passengers, the good name of the railroad, demanded that such a man should be removed, and after repeated warnings, he was discharged.

This seemed to arouse him to a sense of the depravity of his conduct.

He gave up drinking and behaved himself so well that in a short time he was taken back and given steady work.

He was really the best engineer on the road and could run the night express safer and more rapidly than any one who tried it.

It was necessary to make connections with other roads running into Chicago and thence to the east, and if this could be done regularly, much business would accrue to the road.

Boynton knew this and was always careful to make good time in connecting, as well as to stop often enough along the road to get a sufficient number of passengers, being able by his superior skill, to get more speed out of his engine, stop oftener, and still make better time than any other engineer that had ever tried it.

He promised to attend to business, and he did so for a long time, keeping away from saloons and drinking places, seemingly conducting himself with the utmost propriety.

At last there began to be noticed a strangeness in his conduct, and people whispered that he had again taken to strong drink.

He really intended to give up drinking, and abandoned the practice of hiding liquor under his seat, but on many occasions he had found a bottle there and had drunk it.

He seemed to feel that some one was trying to ruin him, and once he did muster strength to dash the bottle and its contents upon the track.

Whoever the secret enemy was, he seemed to be determined to succeed in his purpose, for the bottles continued to be hidden away, and Boynton did not always have the moral courage to destroy them.

He did go so far as to change his locker, but even that was found out and, after a while, no matter where he would stow away his traps, whether in the cab or in the baggage car, he would always find plenty of the vile stuff which threatened to cause his ultimate ruin, tucked away in his cupboards, nearly every time he went to them.

Little by little, he submitted to what seemed to be his uninvited fate, approaching by sure and steady steps once more to the verge of madness, his eyes being hollow, his laugh terrible to hear, and his fingers, moving nervously, as if the desire to strangle some one had taken possession of him.

He still continued to run the night express, and the station just ahead of where the villains had left the poor child and which was now rapidly nearing, was one at which the train did not stop.

Consequently, there would be no abatement of speed, and on and on came the iron monster, puffing, snorting and screaming.

A broad track of glowing light is thrown ahead of the engine, and the steel rails glitter in the rays like burnished gold.

The maniac engineer is at his post, his hand on the lever, and his eye upon the dial, while not far away, right in the track of the monster, sleeps a pretty boy, unconscious of his danger.

The engineer stands firm at his post and every sense is on the alert, though his eyes, glancing out from underneath the glazed visor of his cap, have an insane look about them that one does not care to meet.

Now the glare of the headlight is thrown over the child, sleeping so peacefully there, while close at hand the wretched sot in his drunken sleep knows naught of his danger, nor of the horrible suspicion that will attach to him, after the frightful instrument of death has passed by.

But the maniac engineer—will he see the child's peril?

Will those glittering eyes alight on that white object before him, and show him the imminent danger in which a human life may be placed.

Even if he does see, can he save the child?

Still he stands there, handling the monster with perfect ease, and controlling its every motion with a master hand.

Then suddenly, as he sounds the warning of his approach, he looks out of the little window in front of him.

"My heavens!"

He has seen the child and its frightful peril.

What will he do?

There is not the slightest part of a second to lose, and, as if forewarned of the danger, he acts upon the instant.

There is no time to bring the engine to a stop, no time to shut off steam, no time to put on brakes. Whatever is to be done, must be done immediately.

He is on the narrow platform running along the boiler in an instant.

He does not use the hand-rail, but dashes along as swiftly as though he were on the ground.

He reaches the standards and, notwithstanding the terri-

ble speed, lowers himself upon the pilot by the tongue or coupling in front.

Then, wedging his feet between the bars, he stands on the edge of the pilot, as firmly as if moulded from the finest steel.

His long hair, his flecked beard, streaked with gray, his strange position, standing there rigid, with the glare above his head throwing him into a deep shadow, all of these unite to produce a most picturesque and most awe-inspiring sight.

Suddenly swooping down with the swiftness of the eagle's flight, the maniac engineer bends over, seizes the child in his strong arms and snatches it from the very jaws of death.

In an instant he straightens himself up, holding the child aloft over his head, flooding it with a perfect glare of light, while below he is all shadow.

The child awakes and is not terrified by its strange position, but laughs and claps its hands while the maniac engineer still holds it aloft in the light.

Good heavens! Can he have saved it but to destroy it? It seems about to fall. Has it then but momentarily escaped a horrible death?

Is it the man's intention to dash the poor thing to earth and crush out the child's life?

No, he has no such wish.

With the strength and will of a giant, he turns half around, his feet still wedged between the bars of the pilot, and places his charge upon the platform close by the flag-staff.

Steadying it with one hand in order that it shall not fall off, he releases the foot farthest away from him and turns around, and, stepping up, releases the other foot and climbs upon the platform.

All this is done while he is encumbered with the child, the engine going at the rate of about fifty miles per hour.

He had held the child up so that the fireman might see it and stop the train, but the fireman did not see it, and he knew his duty too well to meddle with the engine without orders.

A shout could not have been heard, so the engineer was obliged to return to his post unaided and at great risk, for a single misstep would have caused the death of both, and leave the engine without a responsible man to take care of it.

Step by step the maniac engineer retraces his path, and at last he reaches the cab, enters and places his charge upon his high seat.

Then the fireman sees what has been done.

"Where did you get it?"

"From the track."

"Do you know whose child it is?"

"It is mine," answers the maniac. "I have snatched it from death. Its drunken besotted father lay like a dog at the side of the track while his pretty boy slept. Oh! the curse of drink!" he continued, gnashing his teeth in agony. "What will it not make a man do? What crimes will it not lay at his door?"

"And you will keep this child?"

"Yes, and provide for it, and so help me heaven, as God is my judge, I will never— No—no, I will make no oaths that I cannot keep. Heaven have pity on me and save me from drink as I have saved this boy from its consequences!"

CHAPTER III.

THE CHANGES MADE BY TIME.

"You want the position of engineer upon our line?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"I am called Arthur Boynton."

"Have you ever driven an engine on any other railroad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon what road?"

"Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. I had an express train for six months."

"Why did you leave that road?"

"The hours were too long. There were other reasons besides."

"Was incompetency one?"

"No, sir. I cannot tell you what they were more than to say that they were good."

"Have you any recommendations?"

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to see them."

"Here is one, sir."

The above conversation took place between the superintendent of one of the great trunk lines of the West and a fine-looking young man or boy who had applied for the situation of engineer, having heard that there was a vacancy.

In answer to the gentleman's inquiry as to whether he had any recommendations, he produced an envelope enclosing a sheet of letter paper.

The gentleman opened it and read to himself the following general letter:

"To All Whom It May Concern.—The bearer, Arthur Boynton, is a first-class railroad engineer, has good habits, is perfectly honest and reliable, and will be an acquisition to any one employing him.

"Boynton, late engineer."

The superintendent gazed at the paper in great surprise, and read it over again before he spoke to the applicant.

"Are you well acquainted with the person who signed this?" he asked at length.

"I have always known him."

"Is he related to you in any way? I see your names are the same."

"He is my father, sir."

"Tell me, this person, the gentleman who signs this paper, was called, and still is, I believe—by the strange name of the 'Maniac Engineer,' was he not?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy quietly.

"He was formerly in the employ of this railroad, but was discharged at last on account of his dissolute habits. I never knew that he had a son. I am afraid, young man, that you have acquired your father's habits, and that we shall have the same trouble with you as we had with him."

"You need have no fear of that, sir. I have never drank anything spirituous in my life."

"I dare not trust the son of the maniac engineer with so important a position. The lives of our passengers, the reputation of the road might be sacrificed. I dare not risk the chance of your having inherited your father's terrible appetite."

"May I say one word, sir?" asked the lad earnestly, but respectfully, as the superintendent arose, signifying that the interview was at an end.

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, who had been very favorably impressed with the lad's manly bearing.

"My father gave me permission to say, in case this question came up, but not otherwise, that I am his son only by adoption. He has never married and has no children, but when I was a child he saved me from a horrible death and he has since cared for me."

"You are the child that was found on the railroad track, and was saved by little less than a miracle?"

"I am. My father has told me the whole story, but charged me never to mention it unless all other means failed."

"I am glad to hear it, for you have removed my last objection. Where is your father?"

"I cannot say."

"Do you mean that you are ignorant of his whereabouts?"

"No, sir. I do know where he is, but I would rather not tell. He does not care to have it known for the present. He is doing his best to recover the ground he lost."

"Would it assist him if you obtained the position you seek?"

"Indeed, it would."

"Then it is yours. Report for duty to me at four o'clock this afternoon."

Arthur did not overwhelm the kind gentleman with profuse thanks and fawning words, but, arising from his seat, put on his hat, and turning toward the door, said simply:

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir, and I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of your trust. I will be on hand. Good-morning."

At that moment a young man of about the same age as Arthur, but of entirely different appearance, walked into the office and nodding curtly to the superintendent, without removing the shiny silk hat from his head or the cigar stump from his mouth, sat down.

"I say, Barnes, I have come to ask a favor of you. There is a friend of mine wants a job. You'll give it to him, won't you?"

His air was that of a man who expects an immediate com-

pliance with his request. That is the usual way with Mr. Mort Jewell.

"What is the position you desire for your friend?"

"Engineer. You've got a vacancy, haven't you?"

"No; it has just been filled."

"Empty it, then," said the young man with the utmost assurance, that being another charming quality of his.

"I cannot. I have given my word to the person who has just applied that he shall have the place."

"What! That young fellow in black that I met going down the street just as I came in? Did you give it to him?"

"I did."

"What do you call him when he's asleep?"

"Arthur Boynton."

"Any relation to crazy Boynton?"

"No."

"If he was, I'd tell Julian (the president of the road) to fire him out. Can't you do it, anyhow?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have my reasons, and it is not necessary for you to know them," replied Mr. Barnes, who detested the young upstart, although he and his father possessed considerable influence with the president and directors of the road.

"Can't you make a place, then, for my friend?" continued Mort, nothing abashed by the rebuff he had received.

"Who is he?"

"His name is Barak."

"Isaac Barak?"

"I believe his name is Ike, although I don't know for certain. I never call him anything but Barak," answered young Jewell, who called everybody by their surnames.

"Denominated the Turk, I believe?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"I don't want him, and I would not take him as a gift."

"He's a friend of mine."

"I am sorry for it, for he has a bad reputation," said Barnes, who might have truthfully added that he was sorry for the Turk also. "I shall have to ask you to excuse me now, Mr. Jewell, for I am very busy."

The superintendent returned to his work and began writing, and Mort, not daring to neglect the hint thus given, arose to his feet and started toward the door.

"Well, Barnes, you think it over and I'll talk to you again about it," he said impudently as he opened the door and walked out.

By a strange combination of circumstances, the two sons of Tom Jewell, the Owned and the Disowned, had within a few moments of each other, asked a favor of the same man.

The Disowned had been accepted, the Owned had been refused.

Tom Jewell was now a person of some distinction in the city, being both rich and influential, and his son seemed to have inherited all his father's bad qualities and none of the good ones possessed by the mother.

There had never been any other children and the chances were, that when the mother died, Mort Jewell would come into a very handsome property, provided his father did not manage to get it away from him.

Early that afternoon Mort met Arthur on the street in the neighborhood of the locomotive yard.

The two sons had met and they were destined to meet again often, although the Owned would be the sworn enemy of the Disowned.

"Hallo, young fellow, I hear you've got a job as engineer," said Mort. "You got ahead of me there, for I wanted to get a friend of mine in."

"First come, first served, is the rule, I believe," said Arthur pleasantly. "I had no intention of cutting your friend out, however, for I don't know him."

"You will, then, for I am going to put him on your track. My name's Jewell, son of Tom Jewell, one of the richest men here, do you understand?"

"I am happy to hear it."

"You'll be sorry to hear it one day, then. You want to make friends with me. I can tell you. What'll you take to throw up your job? I'll make it worth your while."

"I cannot throw it up."

"Then you'll get fired out. You've got a bad name, you have. Nobody by the name of Boynton can stay around here long. Friends ain't forgot about that miserable Fred Boynton yet, the crazy, drunken——"

"Take care, Mr. Jewell, don't you dare say a word against my father, or I'll——"

Fatal error!

He had acknowledged the Maniac Engineer as his father to the very person of all others who would use such an acknowledgment to his disadvantage.

"Aha! Now I have got you dead!" hissed Mort, "you and Barnes both. He lied to me. I'll have him fired out. The road won't have you, so you may as well walk. You'd better not try to take your engine out this afternoon."

"Don't distress yourself," said the young man, coolly. "Rely upon it, I will be on hand."

"And so will I, an' I'll tell them that you are the son of drunken, crazy Boynton, and they won't have you. You'll find that we've got sick of anybody that belongs to that low, sneaking, drunken——"

Spat!

Other objections, too vile to put in print, followed the first three, and then the torrent of abuse was suddenly checked.

"If you dare to say a disrespectful word about him or any one else whom I love and honor," said Arthur, his blue eyes flashing fire, "I'll thrash you within an inch of your miserable life."

The clock upon a neighboring church struck the last quarter, before the full hour of four o'clock, and Arthur, seeing that he had just sufficient time to keep his appointment, walked in the direction of the railroad offices, leaving his discomfited enemy to pick himself up as best he might.

The express train, with Arthur Boynton as the engineer, had just rounded a corner in the early evening, at a point some miles distant from the city, when Arthur suddenly saw an obstruction on the track right ahead of him.

He applied the air brakes in an instant and brought the train to a stop just in time to avert an accident.

He jumped from the engine and ran ahead to see what was to be done.

No rails had been broken, and with plenty of help the obstruction could be removed in a few moments.

At the instant he laid his hand upon the first stick, he was struck by a pistol bullet and fell to the ground insensible.

Then a lot of ruffians, whose evident intention was to wreck and rob the train, rushed down the bank.

"Ah, who's going to run the engine now?" asked one of the men with a laugh.

"I am!" shouted a voice, and a tall man, with long white hair and beard, suddenly appeared in their midst.

With a few quick, sledge-hammer blows, he knocked down a half-dozen of the ruffians, and the rest fled, as the passengers began swarming from the cars.

The obstruction was soon removed and the strange man, lifting the still unconscious victim in his arms, deposited him in his seat and then took his place at the lever and opened the throttle.

"Do you know who's running this train now?" said the conductor to one of the brakemen, as they puffed away at a lively rate.

"No, who is it?"

"The maniac engineer!"

CHAPTER IV.

A CUNNING SCHEME.

The train under the guidance of the maniac engineer was speeding on its way at a forty-mile pace, Arthur lying still unconscious upon his high seat.

There would be no stopping place for an hour yet, and all that was required was to keep an even speed and to whistle at the way stations and crossings as they came along.

The train had got well under way when the fireman was hailed by one of the brakemen.

"John?"

"Well, what is it?"

"There's a lady wants to ride on the engine."

"Sho!"

"Yes, she does!"

"There ain't no room."

"She says she ain't big and won't be in the way. She is anxious to do it."

"I'll ask the engineer."

"What's the matter?" asked Boynton, turning around.

"Lady want to ride on the engine, sir."

"Is she pretty?"

"Don't know. I'll see. Hello, Mike?"

"Well?"

"Is she pretty?"

"Guess so. She's got a heavy veil on and she's got a cloak so's the dust won't spoil her duds."

The fireman reported what he had heard to the engineer, who simply said:

"Help her over the tender."

"All right, sir."

At that moment Arthur opened his eyes and looked around him.

He saw that the train was in motion, and for a moment he could not account for it, until he beheld the strange and uncouth form of the maniac engineer.

"I am grateful for your kindness; you—of whom I know so little."

"Never mind that. Are you able to run the train?"

"Yes."

"A young lady wishes to ride on the engine," said Boynton. "I will go back in the baggage car."

A moment afterwards a young lady of medium height, elegantly dressed, and probably pretty, though she wore a veil over her face, was assisted over the tender, and stood alongside of Arthur on the locomotive.

"I have always been crazy to ride on an engine," she said with spirit, "and I knew that you would not refuse me. You are so polite as everybody knows."

He hardly knew what to say to this pretty speech, and so only smiled, asking his vivacious passenger if she would take a seat.

"Wait a moment," she said. "See how well I can stand."

With that she raised one gloved hand and deftly cut the signal rope with a knife that had been concealed in her sleeve.

Before Arthur could interfere, the lady stooped quickly down, and with a rapid movement, uncoupled the locomotive from the tender and threw the pin on the track.

The engine shot ahead, every instant, widening the breach between itself and the train.

"What have you done?" cried Arthur, seizing his passenger by the arm.

"Can't you see?" she said with a laugh.

"Was this done by accident or on purpose?"

"I rather fancy it was done on purpose," she laughed.

Arthur was alone with the young lady, the fireman having gone upon the tender at the time of the uncoupling.

His back was turned at the time, and when he had discovered what had occurred, it was too late to spring back upon the engine.

He yelled to the brakeman to clap on the brakes and stop the train.

In a few moments it had been stopped, but not by the brakemen.

At the instant the engine shot away by itself, a peculiar whistle was heard, and a man at each door of each car sprang up, jumped upon the platform and locked the door.

When the doors were locked, the men upon the platforms put on the brakes and brought the train to a standstill.

Then another whistle was heard, and a man jumped from the baggage car and walked back a few steps.

"Have you got 'em all right?" he shouted to the first brakeman, or rather the man who had usurped the place.

"Yes, the doors are all tight and we've got 'em fast like birds in a cage."

"Come this way, half a dozen of you!" shouted the man.

His order was at once obeyed.

"Go through the express car," he said; "there's some rich baggage in there, and the express safe has got over a thousand dollars in it."

"You bet we'll have it!" said a man who seemed to be second in command.

It was a well laid scheme to rob the train, the thieves making up their minds that if one way failed, another would not.

When Arthur and the maniac engineer had foiled them, the robbers knew that another plan would be carried out.

They quickly set out to follow the train on horseback so as to be on hand when needed.

It had been settled that the train was to be robbed, and if the Turk was put in charge of the engine, there would have been little or no trouble, as he was concerned in the plot.

Two men who knew how to handle the brakes, all of them being men who had been discharged from the road on account of dissolute habits or some other sufficient grounds, were stationed in each car and told to wait the signal.

Each man had a key with which to lock the doors and every one was fully armed.

The young lady who had so ingeniously asked leave to

ride upon the locomotive was also in the plot and seemed to be succeeding finely.

While the leader was preparing to rifle the occupants of the passenger coaches, his second, who was none other than the notorious Turk, boarded the express car, followed by six ruffians, for the purpose of plundering and then setting fire to it.

The train had stopped and Turk and his followers, with drawn revolvers in their hands and masks upon their faces, sprang upon the car and prepared to enter it from both ends.

At that moment the maniac engineer slammed one door shut, and shoved a heavy chest against it, preventing the robbers from entering.

"Shoot the first man who enters!" he cried to the express messenger.

There were two brakemen, the freight agent, the conductor and half a dozen passengers in the car, besides Boynton, and these promised to offer considerable opposition to the thieves.

This car had not been secured as the passenger coaches had, the robbers evidently thinking that they would have an easy job putting its occupants into submission.

They reckoned without their host.

The strange engineer, looking like a spirit with his flowing hair and beard, was fully armed, and he sprang like fury upon the villains as they entered the rear door, the front one being fastened.

"Cut them down!" he shouted and, taking aim at the leader, he fired, bringing him to his knees.

The rest of the party were nearly all armed and they began an effective warfare upon the thieves from the doors and windows, shooting every man who could not give a satisfactory account of himself.

"To the rescue!" cried Boynton. "Release the passengers, and drive these devils away!"

CHAPTER V.

A TERRIBLE RIDE AND A TIMELY RESCUE.

How was Arthur prospering alone on the runaway locomotive with the spirited accomplice of the train robbers? We shall see.

"What do you mean?" demanded Arthur, as he realized what the woman had done.

"Now, don't you become flurried, my young friend," she replied with a laugh, "or your wound will break out afresh, and it would be too bad to spoil your fine complexion by a fit."

"I ask you again, what do you mean by uncoupling the engine?"

"So we could ride alone. I am very good company for a young gentleman like yourself."

She stood between him and the throttle valve, and in order to close and stop the train, or reverse the motion, the boy would either have had to pass her or push her to one side.

"Stand aside, madam, if you please."

"No!"

He seized her by the shoulder with both hands and attempted to put her to one side so that he might reach the levers.

Suddenly raising one hand, which she had concealed in one of the pockets of her coat, the woman clapped a handkerchief to Arthur's face.

It was saturated with some pungent drug more powerful than chloroform, and one sniff of it almost took away the young man's breath.

He struggled wildly, but the young woman held the handkerchief firmly to his nostrils so that he could not breathe.

With his other hand, she pulled his head backwards, the boy being powerless to resist.

He ceased to struggle and fell back upon the seat unconscious.

With a low laugh, she spread the handkerchief out upon his face, and sprinkled it with a drug contained in a small vial she held in her hand.

"There is a down train due here in less than half an hour," she whispered, "and unless this train appears on time at the next station, it will come down this track."

Her meaning was obvious.

"They will not go on a siding unless they get a signal from this train. They will come smashing along on this track, and then? Ha, ha! What, then?"

There would be a wreck and Arthur would be killed.

"There is a small chance that he may escape. I will prevent that chance."

How would she go to work?

"If he lives, good-by to my chances," she said. "I know more than some people. Mr. Mort Jewell wants him out of the way, but not for the same reason that I do."

She glanced at the fires, still burning brightly, though the steam was getting lower every moment, and then she smiled in that wicked way of hers which was so terrible.

"I can do it," she said, "and that will settle the question at once."

She threw open wide the door of the furnace, the light of the fire glaring fiercely out at her.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "It is hot enough yet. He will find warm friends in there."

She meant to put him in the man-hole of the engine.

She was stronger than she looked; it would not be a very difficult task for her to carry out her intention.

She lifted him from the seat as though he had been a child.

She carried him to the mouth of the yawning, fiery cavern, the heat of which was still fierce enough to scorch the flesh, and stooped down a little.

Only an instant, however, does she stand there, and then, with a sudden summoning of all her power, she prepares to carry out her horrible design.

In another second all earthly assistance will be in vain.

Hark!

The clatter of horses' hoofs upon the track!

Is assistance at hand?

Yes.

One instant and it will be too late.

The human fiend in the cab is determined that she shall not be cheated of her prey.

She draws her arms back and in the very next breath the rigid form of Arthur Boynton will be hurled into the mouth of the furnace.

It is a moment of supreme peril.

At that critical instant, when but the smallest part of a second's delay will be fatal, the help arrives.

A pistol shot comes crashing through the glass.

It strikes the she-fiend in the shoulder.

She utters a shriek of agony and staggers and seems about to fall.

The body of our hero slips from her grasp.

It hangs upon the floor of the cab, the feet hanging over the edge.

There is a horseman at the right of the engine.

He fires another shot at her.

It whistles close to her head.

She springs from the engine on the left side of the cab.

The speed is not too great to allow her to do it.

With a laugh of scorn and derision, she bounds off into the woods that skirt the track, and is immediately swallowed up in the dense shades.

Who is this wild rider who has appeared at such a decisive moment?

The maniac engineer.

He springs from his horse, reeking with foam and almost dead with the terrible speed at which the rider has urged him on, and in a moment he is in the cab.

The man brings the engine to a standstill and then glances around him.

Without coal it is impossible to make the run back again.

Unless it is procured at once, it will be a much more difficult affair to start up than it is at this moment, for the fires will have to be relighted.

As the engineer looks about him he sees a number of old sleepers that have been replaced by new ones.

In an instant the man is on the ground and has lifted two or three of the longest pieces into the cab.

He crams them into the furnace and sets the flames to roaring again.

Then he opens the throttle and reverses the brakes.

With a puff and a snort, the engine starts off down the track.

In goes more wood, the thick smoke pouring from the stack showing the effect the move has.

The fires roar, the steam rises, and away rattles the lone

engine, with the maniac engineer in the cab urging the iron horse to its utmost speed.

Arthur has been placed upon the seat and he slowly recovers consciousness.

He recognizes the man and sinks back again with a smile on his lips.

"Saved!" he murmurs, and again he becomes unconscious.

"Ah! Saved; but at what peril, and none too soon," mutters Boynton.

Rattle—rattle, goes the engine and before long the maniac engineer hears the whistle of the down train, running on the same track as he is.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROBBERS ARE ROUTED AND ARTHUR FINDS A FRIEND.

The engineer and his friends jumped from the car and attacked the Turk and his party.

Presently another party appeared on the scene.

This was the first party of thieves that had been left in the lurch by the train's starting off under the guidance of the mad engineer.

They were mounted upon fleet horses and had ridden hard and fast, expecting that the train would soon be brought to a standstill, when they could fly to the assistance of their accomplices.

They were not disappointed.

They heard the signal given by Turk and they spurred their horses on faster than ever.

The maniac decided the question.

With a fierce shout, he hurled himself upon the leader of the mounted thieves, and shot him through the head.

The man reeled and staggered and then fell from his saddle, dead.

Boynton sprang upon the horse's back and darted away in the darkness.

"Unlock the cars!" he shouted to the conductor. "I'm going for the engine."

The conductor, backed by the express messenger, mail agent and brakemen, rushed to the first car while the passengers in the smoker were fighting the robbers.

The other passengers were released and the whole body, armed with sticks, pokers, pistols and anything that they could get their hands on sailed into the enemy.

The latter were soon driven from the field, leaving more than one of their number dead upon the ground.

The fight with the robbers had lasted for some little time after the maniac's departure, but the villains at last sought safety in flight.

After waiting a long while, they heard the whistle of a locomotive, and soon an engine came in sight.

It was the engineer returning, and as soon as they saw him, they set up a wild shout.

The coupling-pin was found and the engine was attached to the train once more, while the maniac briefly related the peril from which he had rescued Arthur.

"The down train is coming," said he, "and we shall have to run back and wait. Our delay caused them to come ahead."

There was no time to be lost, for the train could be heard approaching, the time for its coming being sooner than the woman had thought.

Boynton clapped on all the steam and started back, reaching a siding just as the other train swept by with a rush and clatter.

After they had passed the train went on again, and, under Arthur's careful guidance, the time was made up at the end of the journey.

At the terminus, which we shall call Chatham, by way of convenience, he had his engine run into the yard and looked after, and then going to his hotel, he turned in, as the sailors call it, and went to sleep.

Boynton had disappeared somewhere along the road, nobody knew where, and he was not seen any more.

He had evidently been satisfied that Arthur was all right, and had probably got out at one of the stopping places, and his absence had not been noticed until the next place was reached.

Arthur was not to take his train back until the morning, which would give him seven or eight hours' sleep, and after reaching the other end of the road he would have about as much time to himself.

The return trip was made without anything startling hap-

pening, and Arthur was sitting at dinner when Barnes, the superintendent, walked in.

"You had quite an adventure last night, I hear," he said, "and if the trainmen speak the truth, you narrowly escaped a horrible death."

"I don't know exactly what did happen, Mr. Barnes," replied Arthur, "for I was rendered unconscious, and when I recovered my father was in the cab, taking the engine back again."

"Let me caution you, my lad, not to allude to the maniac as your father. It may get you into trouble."

"I have always called him so."

"So you told me, although you knew he was not. I would advise you to call him Mr. Boynton before strangers. You do not know his reputation as well as I do, and, as I said before, it will get you into trouble to acknowledge him."

Arthur considered this rather hard, since this man had been more than a father to him, but he resolved to do as Mr. Barnes had suggested.

"Come down to the office before you go out this afternoon," said Barnes, taking his hand. "I want to talk to you. I am afraid there is trouble ahead, but whatever happens, be assured of my support."

Then he took his leave, leaving Arthur very much puzzled as to what he meant.

However, as the solution of the problem did not seem to be at hand, the young man finished his dinner and went out for a stroll.

About an hour before he expected to go out with the express train, he went into the company's office.

There he found the president and secretary talking earnestly with the superintendent.

"Is this the young man?" asked the first named gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Boynton," said the president, "there are some serious charges made against your character, and unless you can disprove them, I shall have to ask you to resign."

Arthur colored deeply.

Some secret enemy was evidently at work trying to accomplish his ruin.

Having with difficulty attained to a responsible and lucrative position, he was to be hurled from his eminence and be compelled to seek employment elsewhere.

"May I inquire what those charges are, sir?"

"Collusion with the robbers."

"Who makes the charge, sir?"

"That I cannot say."

"Would it not be just, Mr. Julian, to tell the young gentleman why you cannot tell him?" said Barnes. "He certainly has the right to defend himself."

"You may do so if you like," responded the gentleman with a sort of mock dignity, very unlike the real article.

He was a very self-opinionated man, and liked to be regarded with fear, as though he had been the Great Mogul himself.

"I will tell you then," said Barnes. "We do not know who makes the charges. The letter is anonymous."

"Do you consider that better than my sworn statement? I declare to you that I know nothing of the plots of those robbers, and would not be so base as to enter the employ of a corporation for the purpose of robbing it."

This was an unwitting hit at the secretary, who was not as honest as he might have been and was in favor of dismissing Arthur at once.

"Will you please show us what documents you have with you?" he said.

Arthur, supposing him to be anxious to see his references, took several papers from his coat pocket, among them a letter inclosed in a soiled envelope.

The latter was strange to the lad and he did not know what it could be.

"Please show me that letter," said the secretary. "One of the charges is that you have been in correspondence with the robbers."

Arthur handed him the letter which he opened and read aloud.

It detailed the plan of the robbery and contained instructions to the receiver, which he was to follow out in order to render the affair a success.

"This looks suspicious," said the secretary. "How did you come by this letter?"

"I did not know that I had it until this moment. You will observe, sir, that there is no address on the envelope."

"And none inside," said Barnes, hastily glancing at the letter.

"There seems to be none, indeed," said the president.

"I consider it a plot to ruin the engineer," said Barnes. "I shall retain him until I am obliged by my own convictions to dismiss him. He is the only man whom I can trust with the night express, and I am allowed to use my own judgment in these matters. I propose to use it. Consider yourself still in my employ, Mr. Boynton."

CHAPTER VII.

A NOBLE DEED AND ITS REPAYMENT.

The determined conduct of the superintendent was favorable to Arthur, and the president, merely saying that nothing more would be done about the matter at present, told the young man that he might run his train as usual that day and the next.

Just as Arthur stepped on his engine he caught a glimpse of Mort Jewell lounging about the station evidently with no purpose in view otherwise than to pass the time.

One glance at the young man's face was sufficient to give Arthur a clearer idea of the state of affairs than he had yet obtained.

He saw rage, hate, and disappointment depicted upon his rival's countenance, and, like a flash a thought came into his head.

Mort Jewell was at the bottom of the plot against him!

He was as certain of it as he ever had been of anything.

He was satisfied that it was he who had written the anonymous letter charging him with being in collusion with the train robbers.

This knowledge, or rather this suspicion, served to put him upon his guard against the vindictive young swell, and he determined to keep a sharp watch upon Mr. Mort Jewell.

"You should not carry such a tell-tale face, my lad," said Arthur to himself. "You have given me a point which I shall not hesitate to use."

Just as the train was about to start out, Mort came to the side of the engine.

"You still here, Boynton," he said insolently. "I thought they'd sack you for that affair of last night."

"To what affair do you refer?"

"Oh, you know well enough. Anybody but Barnes would have kicked you out. Me and pop will fix him, then look out for squalls."

"I shall do so, never fear. I do not apprehend any danger to the superintendent, however, and I shall continue to do my duty to the best of my ability."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mort. "If you'll throw up your job I'll get you another, not quite so good, I admit, but then it's better than none."

"Thank you; I am satisfied with the one I have."

"You'd better think of what I say, or you won't have any."

"I am not afraid of that. Do you still want the place for your friend, the Turk?"

"He ain't my friend."

"Oh, I thought you said he was. It's well he is not, for he was one of the principal actors in that attack upon the train last night."

Mort colored with anger, and then said abruptly:

"I'll give you the worst licking you ever had in your life if you don't do what I want you to."

"I think not. You had a slight exhibition of what I can do with my fists yesterday, and I assure you I can do much better than that when I really settle down to business."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and Arthur opened the throttle and rang the bell.

"Is it to be peace or war between us?" asked Mort, walking briskly alongside the engine.

"That shall be according as you conduct yourself."

"Then keep your eye peeled, for I mean business. You'll be out of a job to-morrow."

"I suppose you'll write another anonymous letter?" said Arthur.

The shot told even better than the young man had supposed it would.

Mort turned pale and red by turns, and his eyes fairly started out of his head, the blankest astonishment being depicted upon his face.

He had been rapidly walking along the platform, and by this time had reached the end of it.

He was so thunderstruck by Arthur's remark that he lost all power of motion, and became actually faint from terror.

Arthur had spoken the truth, or, that is, he had intimated that Mort had written the first anonymous letter, which was really the case.

This had so overcome the young rascal that he felt as if he should sink through the ground.

He staggered and fell against the locomotive steps.

In another instant he would without doubt have been thrown under the wheels and killed.

It was a terrible moment.

Nothing but the utmost presence of mind and coolness upon Arthur's part could prevent a shocking catastrophe.

Without giving an instant's attention to the thought that the young man had wronged him, and would doubtless do so again as soon as opportunity offered, Arthur did the first thing that suggested itself.

With the quickness of a tiger, he sprang to the steps, reached down, and seizing Mort by the collar, literally dragged him into the cab.

The delay of a second would have cost the insolent young fellow his life.

Nothing but a strong arm, a sharp eye, well-knit frame, and above all, a brave heart, could have succeeded in such an undertaking.

The least slip, and Arthur himself would have been dragged from the engine to share the same terrible fate as Mort Jewell.

It was more than the young brute deserved, but he was saved from a horrible death.

Arthur drew him inside and laid him upon one of the seats at the side of the cab.

Then checking the speed of the engine with one hand, he dashed a cup of water over Mort's face with the other.

In a moment he saw his enemy revive, and as the engine had stopped, he lifted Mort in his arms, and descended to the ground.

Quite a crowd had followed, many having witnessed the accident, and Arthur requested that some one should go for a carriage to take Mr. Jewell home in.

Mort heard the words, and releasing himself, growled out something to the effect that he would call a carriage himself.

"You'll be sorry for this," he muttered, picking up his battered hat, which had fallen under the wheels, and trying to restore it to its original shape.

Arthur, seeing that the young man was strong enough now to go home alone, started to jump on the engine and resume the journey so suddenly interrupted.

No sooner was his back turned than Mort sprang forward with the intention of striking him upon the head.

One of the bystanders saw him, however, and seizing his arm, prevented his doing any damage.

"Let me get at him," growled Mort, with an oath. "He tried to run over me."

"No, he didn't!" shouted more than a dozen persons.

"I say he did."

"Then you lie, and that's the plain English of it," said the man who had prevented his striking Arthur.

The train moved away at this moment, but Mort was determined to have a quarrel with some one.

"Don't you dare tell me I lie," he said to the man.

"Then don't give me any occasion. That young fellow saved your life, and you turn around and blackguard him for it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Do you know who I am?" asked Mort, angrily.

"No, I don't, and don't care, either. You're a young puppy, and that's all I want to know about you!"

"My name is Jewell—Tom Jewell's son, and if you don't get into trouble over this I'm very much out of my reckoning."

"Oh, go to bed!" was the rejoinder, and the man turned away, while everybody burst out laughing.

Mort, chagrined beyond measure, had just sense enough to see that he might as well pocket his wrath, and so he walked away, the crowd gibing and chaffing him as he retreated, and jumping into a carriage, he was quickly driven home.

He dressed for dinner, saying nothing of his mishap, and how he had owed his life to the generosity of the young man he had tried to ruin, and in the evening went out to consult with some of his cronies as to the best means of getting Arthur discharged.

Thus it was that the Owned and Unowned were at war, the former unscrupulous, the latter strong in conscious innocence.

The battle promised to be a severe one, and at the outset it was not certain who would win, the powers for evil possessed by the one seeming to more than equal the powers for good of the other.

Meanwhile let us follow the fortunes of our hero.

The train was run through without a mishap, Chatham being reached in the middle of the night, the connections made as usual and the trip being a highly satisfactory one.

When Arthur had finished his work he started for his hotel, feeling very tired and sleepy, and intending to get a good night's rest.

In order to save time he took a short cut and was half way down a dark and narrow alley, when a young man suddenly sprang out upon him, saying:

"Here, young man, give me some money or you'll be sorry for it. I'm a bad man when I'm roused."

"What do you want?" asked Arthur kindly, shaking off the young man's grip upon his collar.

"Money, and no fooling about it, either."

"What do you want it for?"

"None o' your business. I want it, and that's enough, and I'm going to have it, too."

"You must tell me what you want it for. You may really need it, and in that case you are welcome to it; but if mere robbery is your motive you won't get a cent."

"I won't? See if I don't!"

With that the fellow flew at Arthur's throat and tried to throw him down.

With a rapid motion our hero parried the blow, and seizing his assailant by the back of the neck, dragged him to a light a few yards away.

"Let me go!" said the fellow, struggling to free himself, and fearing that his captor would hand him over to the police.

Arthur drew him in front of the light, took a good look at his face, and then released him, at the same time taking a step forward.

"See here," said the young man, following him, "give me some money, for heaven's sake! I am starving!"

His face did not in the least belie his statement.

Want and suffering were depicted there too plainly to be mistaken.

"Why didn't you say so at first?" asked Arthur.

"I thought everybody was a villain like myself, and I have been refused so often that I got tired of asking decently, and meant to rob the next young fellow I met."

"What is your name?"

The young man hesitated.

"You need not fear," said Arthur quietly. "I am your friend. Come with me and I'll get you something to eat."

"You won't give me to the police?"

"No."

"I didn't expect this," said the other, almost crying. "I thought that every one had hard hearts. My name is Fitz. I'm a railway fireman out of work, without money or friends."

"Come with me, Fitz, and I'll see what I can do for you. I know what it is to be out of work myself. You will find, in the long run, though, that robbery does not pay, and I'd advise you not to attempt it again."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BARGAIN AND THE FULFILLMENT OF A PROMISE.

Arthur took Fitz to an eating-house which he found open, and the poor, half-starved fellow soon made a bountiful repast.

"You're the first friend I've found," said Fitz, pausing only when his terrible appetite had been appeased.

"I am afraid you went to work the wrong way. You sometimes drink?"

The question was put in a kindly tone, but Fitz flushed to the very temples.

"How did you know that?"

"By your looks."

"Yes, I did drink to drive away my troubles."

"A bad plan; you only bring them on thicker. Give it up."

"I will."

Arthur knew that he really meant it, and with a smile he said:

"That's right. Part of your troubles are due to your bad habits. Throw them off. I am a railroad engineer, and may be able to help you. Have you ever worked for this company?"

"No. I tried to get a job and they wouldn't give me one."

"Perhaps I can help you. There is some money for a lodging, and to buy a better coat. That one is hardly good enough to apply for a situation in."

Fitz looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"It is the truth," said our hero. "Dress makes all the difference in the world with most employers. I know it to be so. Now, good-night, for I must get to bed. I have to run the express out in the morning."

"You run the express?"

"Yes."

"You are not afraid to trust me with all this money? You are not afraid I will drink it?"

"I am going to trust you, for I don't think you are altogether bad."

The only answer Fitz made was to grasp Arthur's hand, and press it warmly.

"Remember, I shall trust you."

"Heaven bless you," said Fitz fervently. "I shall not forfeit your trust. You are my best friend, and the time may come when I can repay your kindness. Good-night, and may heaven spare you to live many years!"

The next morning when Arthur went to the round-house he discovered at the last moment that his fireman had fallen over a sleeper and broken his arm.

There was no one that could be spared at the moment to take his place, and Arthur did not dare trust any of the brakemen, as he could not take the time to attend entirely to his fireman, having all he could do to attend to himself.

Suddenly he espied Fitz standing near, and calling to him, he explained the situation.

"I told you I would see what I could do," said Arthur, "and an occasion has happened sooner than I expected. I want you to go back with me and do the firing."

"You're a brick, and no mistake!" said Fitz.

"I see you've taken my advice," said Arthur, noticing that Fitz wore a better coat than the one he had appeared in the night before, and that he had taken great pains to look neat.

"I thought I'd try your dodge for a time," said Fitz, "and I think it's a good one."

He took off his good coat, and putting it carefully away, donned the old one, as that was good enough to work in.

The run was then made in good time and without accident.

On Arthur's recommendation Fitz was given the position as fireman on Arthur's engine until the regular man was well again, which would be for a month or more, as the poor fellow's arm had sustained a compound fracture.

Now we will leave our hero for a while, and return to Mort Jewell, the young reprobate, who seemed following so closely in his father's footsteps.

The young scamp was fast and had spent money more rapidly than it was supplied to him, and consequently was in debt to the Jews for a considerable amount, which he did not like—not from principle, but because the Hebrews charged him such an exorbitant rate of interest.

It was Saturday night, the day after that on which Arthur had saved his life, and he was in a low drinking place in company with the vilest characters, laughing and joking, and enjoying himself generally.

Arthur, having nothing to do until Sunday afternoon, had gone with Fitz to a respectable place of amusement, and at the time were listening to one of the old comedies, and enjoying it immensely.

Mort took one of his comrades aside, and said:

"Look here, Rod, I'm in a devil of a hole, and I want you to help me out. If you do, I won't say anything about that little affair—you know what I mean. I want some money."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Where d'ye suppose I'm going to get it? I don't keep a bank."

"No, but you know how to get into one."

"Sh! Don't say a word about that. I can put you up to a dodge, but you must help me."

"What is it?"

"The directors of the Pine-Bluffs bank hold a meeting to-

night. The bank is shaky, ain't it? Them directors ain't going to let the money that's left go to the depositors if they can help it. No, sir! They'll declare the concern bankrupt in the morning, but to-night there'll be a divvy!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. It's a regular skin game. Oh, I'm up to snuff, and can tell what's going on with my eyes shut. I ain't a janitor there for nothing, no, sir! I keep my ears open."

He then told Mort his plan, which was to follow one of the directors and waylay and rob him. Mort had a revolver of his own, and his friend supplied masks for both.

It was quite late when two men were hurriedly walking down a side street, as if to avoid observation.

"That was well planned, wasn't it, Max?" said one.

"You're right, Tom; it was a clever stroke of business, and all done so cleverly, too. Vote ourselves extra pay, and of course the public don't know anything about that, settle our claims first, and leave for the depositors——"

"Barely nothing."

"True for you, and all in the way of business which no one knows anything about."

The two villains hurried along, when they were suddenly met by two other villains, who threw themselves upon them, and demanded their money or their lives.

The man called Max broke away, and fled incontinently, but the other showed fight and bawled loudly for the police.

Mort Jewell, for it was he who had appeared, popped a pistol to the man's head, and thrust his hand into a side pocket, whence he drew out a well-filled pocketbook.

"Help—help! police!" shouted the man, trying to escape, or, at least, to save his ill-gotten gains.

A noise of running footsteps was heard, and the man yelled louder than ever.

"By Jove! I must get out of this," muttered Mort, and he darted off, just as a young man rushed up and struck Rod a blow that knocked him flat.

Ten minutes later Mort Jewell, while examining the wallet he had taken, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"By Jove! I've been going for the governor!" he cried. "Well, if that isn't rich!"

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED RECOGNITION, AND A TREACHEROUS GIFT.

The young man who had come to the aid of the honest director, who, as we have seen, was no other than Tom Jewell, was our hero, returning from the theater.

With one blow of his fist he had knocked Rod in the gutter, and then turned his attention to the man who had been robbed.

He had recognized Mort running away, but had thought that he had been with his father when attacked, and had run for the police, but before he had a chance to speak of it Mr. Jewell said that the scamp who had run off shouting "Police!" was the one who had robbed him. Arthur's surprise may be imagined when he discovered that the fast young man had actually assaulted his own father.

"I may be able to follow him up and deliver him into custody," said Arthur, resolved to use Mort's secret against him if the young rogue persisted in his enmity toward himself.

"No, you needn't bother," said Jewell. "I'll get a private detective to work up the case."

The fact was he did not care to have it known that he had so large a sum of money in his possession, fearing that an investigation would follow.

He knew that he and the dishonest secretary of the railway company, who had been his companion at the time of the assault, could easily cover up their tracks, and that the two other thieving directors would say nothing. So on that score he felt himself safe.

He was vexed at losing the money, however, considering the way in which he had got it, and the worst of it was that it was all in cash and not easily recovered, though many of the bills were of the shaky bank's own issue.

"No—no; you needn't mind!" he repeated. "I am much obliged to you for your kind intentions, though they accomplished nothing. My heaven!" he exclaimed, as he got a good glance at the boy's face. "I have seen that face before. Tell me, boy, who are your parents?"

"I have none," answered Arthur, resolved not to reveal the

fact of his relations with Boynton, but more on the man's account than his own, and in response to the man's questions he said that his name was Arthur, and that he had been reared by an engineer. He repeated the story of his having been snatched from the track, pretty much as our readers have heard it.

"What do you do now?" gasped Jewell at the end of his recital.

"Run the afternoon and night express to Chatham and back."

"H'm! Here," continued the millionaire, taking an elegant gold ring from his little finger, "wear this, so that I may know you again; I'm a bad hand at remembering faces, but I will remember the ring."

Here he lied, for he remembered Arthur's face only too well, though he had not seen it since the lad was a child. It was not likely that he would forget his own son.

Here again, what a strange position are these two, the Owned and the Unowned, thrown into. The Owned robs his own parent, the Unowned comes to the assistance of a father that has denied him and sought to take his life.

Even now the unnatural parent is further plotting for the lad's ruin.

At the moment that Jewell saw the ring clasp the boy's finger he was thinking how he could best compass his death.

"You are very kind," said Arthur, "and with your permission I will now go to my boarding-house."

"Very well; good-night," said Jewell, ascending the steps. "By the way," he added, turning around, "do me a favor to say nothing of this affair to-night. I'll make it worth your while."

"I should have kept silence without," said Arthur proudly. "I do not noise my doings abroad. Good-night."

Within the privacy of his own apartment—the library, not his sleeping room—Tom Jewell sat in an easy chair, muttering to himself thus:

"H'm! strange thing that. My own son turned up. Devil take that Turk! I knew something was wrong when he neglected to bring me the child's blood-stained clothes, as he said he would. I'll get Turk to do the job again, and if he fails me this time I'll jug him as sure as my name's Tom Jewell."

Two or three days after that Isaac Barak, otherwise the Turk, received a summons to come to the Jewell mansion at midnight.

"Now, you accursed scamp," said Jewell, when he saw him, "if you play me false again I'll have your heart out. I want you to put that lad out of the way once for all. If you do I'll make you rich; if not, you know where I can put you. Remember!"

Barak shuddered, and simply nodding, left the house.

CHAPTER X.

WARNED OF DANGER.

Arthur made the Sunday trip to Chatham without meeting with any adventures, and returned the next morning in safety.

On Monday afternoon he started as usual, Fitz firing for him, and everything seemed to promise a successful trip.

They were rattling along at a good pace, Arthur sitting up in his high seat, watching the indicator, and occasionally looking out of the window.

Suddenly Fitz uttered a cry of astonishment.

Arthur turned to see what was the matter and was struck at once with the strange look on the face of the fireman. He was as white as a ghost and his eyes were staring intently at something, though what it was, Arthur could not tell.

"What is it, Fitz?"

The sound of Arthur's voice seemed to break the spell he was in.

"What's the matter, Fitz? You look as though you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have, and it means danger!"

"Nonsense!"

"I tell you, Art, there is danger ahead and terrible danger at that."

"I don't deny it, Fitz, for I don't know anything about it."

"But you said nonsense!"

"I know that, but——"

"But what?"

"I did not mean that the idea of there being danger ahead was absurd. It was the other idea that made me use the word."

"The other idea."

"Yes."

"What idea was that?"

"Why, that you had seen——"

"A ghost?"

"Yes."

"I did see one."

"Pshaw, Fitz. You know better than that. There never was any——"

"Any ghosts?"

"Of course not."

"I beg your pardon, Art, I have seen——"

"Now, now, Fitz! Do you mean to tell me that you, a sensible lad, and one with a fair education, believe in any such——"

"Will you listen to me?"

"Yes, but don't talk about ghosts."

"Hear me out."

"Very well."

"Do you know what I saw in that furnace when I threw in that last shovelful of coal?"

"Fire, I suppose."

"Yes, but in the very center of the hottest part, what do you suppose I saw?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. At any rate, you looked as frightened as if you had seen the prince of evil himself."

"You may as well say that, Art, for the appearance of that face always precedes some terrible misfortune."

"Whose face?"

"The Maniac's!"

It was Arthur's turn to become pale and look surprised.

"His face?" he gasped.

"Yes, I swear to you that I saw the head and face of the Maniac engineer right there in the middle of the fire, glaring at me with a most terrible expression."

"Good heaven!"

"It was not anger, but horror, which was depicted upon that strange face, and once seen it is never forgotten."

"You imagined it."

"No, no, I didn't. I saw it as plainly as I see you."

"The Maniac engineer?"

"Yes."

"In the furnace?"

"Yes, and in the very hottest part. It haunts me, and well I know what the evil omen means. I would rather meet the devil himself than see that accursed face, for it means——"

"Stop, stop, Fitz! You must not say anything against him."

"Why not?"

"He is my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"Be that as it may, I saw it in the flames and I know too well what it means."

"What does it mean?"

"Death!"

"To us?"

"Possibly, but at any rate, it means death to some one on the train. We shall meet with an accident."

"How do you know?"

"They always follow my seeing that face in the flames. This is not the first time that it has happened."

"Has an accident always followed?"

"Inevitably."

"But you yourself have always escaped?"

"I have done so before, but I cannot always be exempt. Some day I shall be among the dead."

"If you feel so strongly about it as that, perhaps we had better stop and send a man ahead to look out for danger."

"It will be no use."

"No use?"

"No."

"But you say there is danger."

"So there is."

"Then we ought to see what it is."

"You would discover nothing. When the calamity comes, it will be all at once and unexpected. It will be useless to look out for it. I have tried it before."

"You?"

"Yes. The very last time I saw the apparition, about

six months ago, I told the engineer that there was danger ahead."

"Well?"

"He sent a man, who reported that the track was in good condition and that there was nothing to fear."

"Did his words prove correct?"

"No; and I believe he made a careful search, too."

"You met with an accident?"

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"We were going along at a good speed and were passing a point where at one side there was a high, rocky embankment towering above our heads, and upon the other, a few feet away from the track, an almost sheer descent of nearly a hundred feet."

"Well, go on."

"Before we had passed the place, a huge mass of rock suddenly became detached from the bank, and crashed down upon us, throwing two cars completely from the track."

"And you?"

"The engine was dragged over the ledge, but the engineer and myself had time to jump out."

"And you think you will meet with an accident?"

"Yes."

"Do you always see his face in the fire?"

"No; sometimes it is in the air, sometimes it peers out at me from the side of the road, and sometimes, do what I will to destroy the illusion, it is the face of the engineer, although I know that it is totally unlike this terrible man."

"Why do you call him terrible?"

"Because he is. Why does he haunt me so? I know that I shall some day meet my death after seeing his face as I have seen it to-night."

"Is the sight of the real man followed by the same terrible consequences?"

"No."

"That is a comfort. Why do you not ask him what he means, whether his apparition is a warning or a threat?"

"I dare not."

"Hark!"

"What is it?"

"The down train waiting for us. She has just gone on a siding."

"Oh, is that all?"

"Yes. I am going to ask them something."

"What?"

"Is the road all right?"

"That will do us no good."

"I will ask them all the same."

Contrary to his usual custom, instead of passing the train at a rapid pace, Arthur stopped when he came up."

"How's the road behind you?" he asked.

"All right."

"Track in good condition?"

"Never better."

"Bridges all safe?"

"Sound as a dollar."

"Switchmen attending to their business?"

"They never go to sleep."

"Nothing the matter at all?"

"No."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"What makes you ask?"

"I was told that there was danger of an accident ahead of us."

"Not the slightest. There never was less to fear than at present."

"The bridge over the Black Fork is closed?"

"Yes, there's nothing going through at this time."

"Thanks, I was afraid there might be trouble."

"Not a bit."

Arthur started up again, and within half an hour he was within sight of the Black Fork drawbridge, going at a good rate."

The night had set in very dark and, although he was running at a rate which would enable him to make his connections, the speed was not so great as that he had made on other occasions."

The strange fears of Fitz had impressed him in a peculiar manner, and he could not but feel that there might be some ground for them.

He meant to do everything which the safety of his passengers required, and therefore proceeded cautiously and run no risks.

He knew not that the words of Fritz were prophetic; whatever he did could not prevent a catastrophe.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FULFILLMENT.

On swept the train around a curve, and then, rushing down a steep grade, it approached the bridge.

The latter could not be seen until within about a hundred yards, and at the curve the flagman was always stationed to give warning in case of danger.

A white flag in the daytime, and a white lantern at night, meant that everything was all right; but a red flag or lantern meant danger.

As Arthur passed the place, a white light was displayed, and he continued his course, checking his speed somewhat, but still going quite fast, the nature of the grade rendering a slower rate impossible.

As he neared the bridge, a man suddenly rushed upon the track, and waved a red lantern furiously above his head.

At the same time he was heard to cry out in an agonized voice for the train to stop.

The man was the mad engineer.

"Stop, stop, for heaven's sake!" he shrieked. "The draw is open!"

"My heaven!" exclaimed Fitz, and in a moment he sank to the floor unconscious.

Arthur looked ahead and saw, to his horror, that the words of the strange being were true.

The draw was open!

Death stared them in the face, for to stop now was utterly impossible.

The flagman had played them false.

His lying signal had prevented the taking of precautionary measures.

They were now gliding swiftly but surely down the grade to the open draw.

They would be precipitated into the river.

The loss of life could not be estimated, for the train was crowded, and many would be unable to make a single effort toward freedom.

Arthur whistled for all the brakes, the sharp, short notes cutting the ear like a knife.

It was in vain. Nothing could save them.

Arthur determined to stand by his post to the last and he gallantly remained in the engine.

Some of the brakemen, looking ahead, saw their peril and jumped to the track, nearly all receiving painful injuries.

"Uncoupling the cars!" shouted Arthur at nearly the last moment, shutting off all steam.

One of the brakemen who had remained reached down, and, at the peril of his life, drew the pin that fastened the second car to the end of the one in front of it.

It required a tremendous effort, but at the right moment, when the strain was the least, he wrenched the pin from its place and the engine, tender and two cars shot ahead, leaving two cars behind.

At the same moment, another man tried to do the same thing, but, losing his balance, he fell and plunged headlong into the turbulent waters of the Black Fork.

A shriek of despair went up from the lips of the Maniac, such as might have been uttered by a lost soul doomed to destruction.

At that moment, Arthur sprang from the cab, far out to the right, and dove deep down into the water.

The engine sank to the bottom in a moment and was wrenched clear of the cars, which actually floated upon the water, although they would eventually sink, of course.

This gave the occupants time to scramble out and many saved themselves by swimming to either bank of the river.

The fork, swollen by recent floods, was full of floating drift, logs, tree trunks and other rubbish, and many who could not swim, managed to cling to these fragments, and drifted down until able to make a landing.

Not a few, however, were drowned, their bodies being recovered far below the next day.

The last two cars stopped on the very brink of the chasm, and thus the lives of the remaining passengers were saved, as if by a miracle.

What of Arthur Boynton?

He dove to a great depth and arose to the surface at a

point further down the stream than that at which the engine had made its plunge.

He lay in an unconscious state for some time on a piece of timber that he had grasped in his struggles.

He heard voices and then felt himself drawn up toward the bank, by some one who was evidently pulling in the timber.

Then he was lifted up and borne up a bank and into a house, the voices seeming familiar, and yet he could not identify them.

Then he was conscious of being put into a bed and falling to sleep, but whether all this happened or not, he was not certain, nor whether he had actually heard the following conversation between two persons, a man and a woman, nor how long after he had been rescued it had taken place.

"So, you've got him after all," said the man.

"Yes," answered the woman, "and by the merest chance."

"I had no idea that he had survived that plunge."

"It is better that he has, for now you can prove his death."

"Ay, that I can. You noticed the ring on his finger?"

"Yes. But for that, I would not have bothered with him, but have left him to die."

"He isn't going to, is he?"

"Not that way."

"Aha! No, indeed! Is the clock going?"

"Yes."

"And in good condition."

"Excellent."

"Good enough. That will settle the business."

"When he awakes, he must know what is going on. I would not have him die now for a hundred dollars. He must know me first."

"He won't be very likely to forget the neat little job you tried to do for him, and which the Maniac Engineer prevented."

"Curse him and his meddling. He gave me a shot in the shoulder which I will not forget in a hurry."

"He tried to stop us last night, but he did not get there on time. We fixed the flagman all right, got him drunk and then put one of our own men in his place."

"I knew you must have had a hand in it when I saw this fellow with the ring on his hand, and so sent for you."

"Glad you did."

"You and I generally work together."

"So we do. Particularly in this handsome fellow's case, we always have."

"He's good looking, surely."

There was more said, but Arthur could never remember what it was, for a blank seemed to intervene, and the next he knew, he was sitting up in bed, gazing inquiringly about him.

All he could remember at first was his being in the accident, floating upon the river and being picked up and taken to some house.

He could not tell how long he had been there, whether it was a day or a week; but, feeling stronger again, he arose, and put on his garments, which were close at hand.

The next moment he heard voices outside which he recognized as those of the Turk and the woman who had uncoupled his engine, and afterwards tried to throw him into the furnace.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLOCK.

At the moment that Arthur recognized the voices, the possessors entered the room.

"Aha! my lad! You are in good shape again!" said the Turk with a wicked smile.

Arthur made no reply.

"Safely recovered from the accident, I hope," said the woman.

"From what I have heard of you," replied Arthur, "I cannot flatter myself that I am safe as long as I am in your presence."

The woman smiled.

"When we met before, you were veiled and I did not see your face, but your voices was impressed upon my mind, and I shall never forget it."

"You flatter me."

"No, I remember your voice, and your face, which I now see for the first time, in order that I may some day bring you to justice."

"You are frank."

"You might as well know that I detest you and all like you, who would sacrifice human life to your hellish greed. I hope some day to see you punished."

The woman laughed.

"You want to make me angry, my boy," she said, coldly, "but you will fail. Turn your arrows of eloquence against Turk, he is more vulnerable than I."

"Say what you like," answered Barak, with an oath. "It'll be all the worse for you. It's a pretty how-d'ye-do, when a woman saves a fellow's life, for him to turn around and abuse her."

"If you have saved my life," said Arthur, turning to the woman, "I am grateful, and you have atoned for trying to take it on a former occasion, unless——"

"I know what you would say," said the woman with a bitter laugh.

"What is it?"

"Unless I still intend to take your life! That's what you mean, is it not?"

"Yes."

"That is exactly what I do intend."

"Tigress!" yelled Arthur and, springing up, he made for the door intending to escape.

He had not calculated his strength, however, and found in an instant that he had not yet recovered it by any means, and that he was yet very weak.

He reached the door, but before he could open it, he fell in a heap on the floor.

Turk rushed after him and dragged him to his feet, bestowing a blow on the side of his head that nearly staggered him.

Then the man sat Arthur in a chair and bound him securely.

The room was about twenty feet square and had three doors and two windows, and besides the ordinary furniture, there was a large, old-fashioned clock in the corner.

Arthur sat directly facing the clock, and he noticed on its dial there was a smaller one, not to mark seconds, but evidently as an alarm dial.

The single hand on this clock pointed to ten o'clock, and it was now nine.

"He's looking at the clock," said the woman. "Tell him how it works."

"With pleasure, my dear. Watch me now," said Turk, addressing the first part of his speech to the woman and the latter part to the boy.

Then he went to the clock and, throwing open the door, discovered several complicated levers and pulleys. He closed the door and opened a little closet next to the clock, disclosing a framework, evidently intended to hold a man in confinement, for there were places for his arms, legs, head and feet, and straps to hold them secure.

At that moment the closet was occupied by a dummy or effigy of a man securely fastened against the back by straps.

"You will observe," said the Turk, "that I can lift off a portion of the closet thus. Now, watch me again."

He threw open the door of the clock and began winding it up, as it seemed, but this was not the case, as he pointed out to Arthur.

"Do you see anything over in the closet?" he asked when he had finished.

Arthur looked up and saw an axe in a sliding groove, weighted by a heavy mass of iron that was suspended over the closet.

"You see that axe, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And you can see that it is held by a very stout claw of steel?"

"Yes."

"Observe this little steel lever partly projecting over the claw?"

Arthur did so.

"That lever is connected with the clockwork. Now watch me once more."

Turk moved the hand upon the alarm dial to within a few minutes of the hour already marked on the clock.

"Wait three minutes and you will see something," he said.

At the exact moment when the minute hand of the clock reached the same point as indicated upon the smaller dial, a sharp click was heard.

Then the little lever which Barak had pointed out suddenly shot forward with great rapidity.

It struck the claw clasp the weighted axe, and caused it to fly open and release the weight.

The latter quickly shot down the groove and the axe was buried to the depth of several inches in the head of the effigy.

"Do you see how it works?" asked Barak with a leer.

Arthur shuddered but made no reply.

"If that were a man in the box, he wouldn't be worth much, would he?" said Barak, "after that little toy had fallen on his pretty head."

Arthur made no answer. The man's fiendish intention was quite apparent.

"You will observe that I pull the little knife thus," said Barak, bearing down upon a lever at the side of the closet which caused the claw to descend close upon the weight, and, upon the lever's being released, carry it back to its former place.

"Now, all we have to do is to pull this pin, which opens a hole in the floor, and so our effigy slides out of place, disappears, and we are ready for business again."

"Monster!" cried Arthur. "You are worse than a savage. Do you dare to tell me that you kill a man with that devilish instrument of yours, and then throw his body aside, like so much carrion?"

"If he stood in my way, yes."

"Villain!"

"Men call me Turk. Ha, ha! They do well. Now that you have seen our little game, my boy, I am going to put you in the box and show you how nice it works when a pretty boy, instead of an ugly effigy under the knife."

"Heaven help me!" said Arthur, trying in vain to burst his bonds. "Are you fiend incarnate, that you would do this horrible thing? Help, help, help!"

The cries rang out with startling distinctness, and for a moment, both the man and the woman were terrified by them and utterly unable to act.

Then the woman sprang to her feet and clapped her hand over Arthur's mouth, smothering his cries.

His teeth closed upon her hand and drew blood.

With a cry of pain, she withdrew the bleeding member and glared at our hero with the most intense hate ever seen in a human countenance.

Turk quickly gagged the lad and prevented any further cries, while the woman bound up her wounded hand, in one side of which Arthur's teeth had met, and told the Turk to kill the young devil and make sure work of it.

The man bound Arthur more firmly to the chair, and then dragged him, chair and all, across the floor to the closet.

"You would make too much trouble if I should let you loose so that we could tie you up in good shape," laughed the Turk, "and we will let you remain in your chair. It will work just as well though, exactly as well."

The woman came to his assistance and the two placed the chair containing our hero directly under the trap in the closet, through which Arthur had seen the axe dropped with such terrible rapidity.

Was such a fate to be his?

How long would the fiends give him to live—a few minutes or an hour?

Had his screams for help been heard?

Would assistance arrive?

Where was the Maniac, and would he, as he had many times before, come to his aid ere it was too late?

Where was Fitz? Alive or dead?

These and a myriad other questions, the lad asked himself while he sat there, while Turk was moving about the room, engaged in different mysterious ways, which Arthur could not understand.

Then he went to the clock and turned the hand on the small dial two or three places ahead.

"If you will look up," he then said to the young man, "you will see a looking-glass in front of you."

Arthur saw that it was so and that the clock face was reflected upon it, but not reversed as he supposed it would be.

"For your benefit, I have put up a couple of mirrors, so that you can see how fast the time goes. It will make it all the more pleasant."

"Oh, the diabolical ingenuity of the man!"

"You will notice," he continued, "that the indicator is put at five minutes past two, so that you have little more than four hours to wait."

One glance at the dial showed Arthur that the man had spoken the truth.

"This is a striking clock, my friend, and if you get tired

looking at the dial, you will know when the full hours, halves and quarters are up, for I have wound all the striking apparatus for you.

"You will know at two o'clock that there are still five minutes left, and can prepare yourself for what is coming. I don't like to take you by surprise, you know. The shock might be bad for your nerves."

He knew that there would be an irresistible fascination in looking at the clock, which would prolong the time a hundredfold, and make him suffer again and again the agonies of death, long before the merciful axe would fall and bring deliverance.

When all his horrible preparations had been made, Turk fastened all the doors and windows, and then departed with the woman, leaving the poor lad to his fate, while the minutes dragged by on leaden feet.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHAPTER OF SURPRISES.

How slowly the minutes passed as Arthur sat watching the reflection of the clock.

By fixing his mind upon other things and not looking at the clock, Arthur managed to make the time fly faster, and when twelve o'clock struck he was astonished to find how quickly it had passed.

Two hours more to wait.

He tried to release his hands, but they had been fastened behind him and the cords so arranged that the more he tugged the tighter they were drawn.

Then a wild hope started through his brain.

Perhaps he could throw himself upon the floor, out of the way of the knife, and thus escape the danger.

He tried to move his feet so as to tip the chair over, not caring how many bruises he received so long as he got away from the knife.

This attempt was as fruitless as the others.

Turk had secured the chair to the floor of the closet, so that it could not be moved an inch in any direction.

There seemed now no earthly hope of getting away, and still the boy would not despair, but set his wits to work to devise some plan by which to cheat the villains.

Truly his situation was a critical one.

Quarter-past twelve came, half-past, three-quarters, one o'clock, quarter-past one, half-past, and still he sat there, unable to move hand or foot or cry aloud.

Quarter to two o'clock!

Heaven! is there no hope?

Of, if some one would only come and release him!

He cannot hope for that, as no one knows where he is, and for all he may know his friends are themselves powerless to aid him.

It is more than likely that Fitz had perished at the time of the wreck, as Arthur had seen him unconscious on the floor of the cab when he made his own mad plunge.

And the Maniac Engineer? Would he prove the friend he had always been, and bring deliverance at last?

Arthur dared not hope it, for he had a vague fear that the man had been killed.

Minute by minute the hand makes its tardy way over the dial, as if exhausted and unable to go a hair's breadth further.

Good heaven! has the clock stopped?

No, though it seems so, so slowly moves the hand.

Two o'clock!

The notes, ringing clear and sharp upon the stillness, have a solemn sound, and the poor boy's heart almost stops beating.

He is wishing now for death—not dreading it—and the hand moves more slowly than ever.

Only five minutes longer!

The poor fellow closes his eyes and utters a prayer for strength to bear the agony of death.

One minute passes, and then another, and he knows by the sounds over his head that the bolts sustaining the weight are, one by one, being withdrawn.

He breathes a prayer, and resigns himself to his fate, calling on heaven for forgiveness of all his sins.

Hark!

There is a step outside the door.

Can it be the two human fiends returning?

No, for some one, whoever it is, tries the door.

Turk would not do that.

It is a friend!

The door is pressed against; it yields—it flies open.

Fitz!

Thank heavens!

Fly, Fitz, fly, for you have but one minute in which to act!

Even now you may be too late. Hurry, for the love of heaven!

He is at Arthur's side in a second, and cuts the fastenings of the gag.

"Pull me away, chair and all, Fitz, for heaven's sake! The axe will fall in one minute!"

Fitz gives a hasty glance at the clock, sees the hellish device, and the trembling weight, slashes the cords securing the chair legs, and drags it with its burden away from the axe.

Click!

Whiz!

Thud!

The minute hand has reached the point indicated on the small dial.

There is a sharp sound as the steel bolt shoots out and releases the claw which supports the weighted axe.

There is a whirring sound, and with awful swiftness the knife rushes down the slide, through the opening, and striking the floor with a heavy sound, makes a deep gash in the wood.

Fitz has not been an instant too soon, for as he pulls Arthur clear of the closet, the long-delayed moment has arrived.

He releases the boy in a moment, and supports him in his arms.

"Thank heaven I came in time," he said. "I knew nothing of this diabolical machinery, and might have come just a minute too late."

"I heard you outside," said Arthur, "and hoped it was a friend, but could not attract your attention."

"I saw you through the key-hole, and knew you were in some trouble, but could not tell exactly what. I saw you were gagged, and determined to waste no time over getting in."

"How did you know I was here, in the first place?"

"I will tell you presently. We must get out of here just as soon as we know how, for without doubt the villains who put you here will come to view the result of their devilish contrivance."

Arthur was still weak, and Fitz had to support him with one arm, as they hurried from the room.

Through the hallway and down the stairs they went hurriedly, and had reached the passage below leading to the outer door when a startling sound was heard.

The shrill notes of an alarm bell ringing upon the air.

Instantly a door above was heard to open, and then there was a hurrying of footsteps.

Then there came a shrill scream, and a woman was heard calling for Turk.

At that moment the villain himself appeared right before the two young men.

At sight of Arthur he uttered a furious oath.

"Put down that boy!" he said to Fitz, "or I'll blow the roof off your head a mile high!"

He looked so fierce with his swarthy complexion, black beard, red handkerchief tied around his head, and glittering eyes, that Arthur trembled.

Fitz's answer was short, sharp, and decisive.

Supporting Arthur with his left arm, he let out with his right, and took Turk under the ear.

The effect of the blow was electrical.

It knocked Barak off his feet, and stretched him insensible in the furthest corner of the hallway.

He lay as if stunned, and Arthur feared that he had been killed.

He had not.

Such men do not die easily, more is the pity, and Turk was destined to cause our hero considerable trouble before he got through with him.

Fitz made for the door, but at that moment another actor appeared upon the scene.

This was the young woman whom Arthur had first met in such a singular manner.

She ran down the stairs with the lightness of a fairy, and stood between the door and the two boys.

"Stop!" she cried.

Her command was emphasized by a glistening revolver which she held in her hand, and Arthur did not for a moment doubt that she would use it if her wishes were disregarded.

Turk was beginning to move.

"Stand aside, Kate, or I won't hesitate a minute!" said Fitz, showing his knife.

The woman obeyed, and the two lads passed swiftly outside, and ran down the road.

"Who is that woman?" asked Arthur.

"My sister!" was the brief reply.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARTHUR RECEIVES IMPORTANT INFORMATION, AND GIVES MORT JEWELL A SURPRISE.

Once in the road, Fitz ran hastily along for a few rods, and suddenly, to Arthur's surprise, unhitched a horse to a light wagon standing hidden by a lot of bushes.

Calling to Arthur to hasten, he lifted him into the buggy, which was just big enough for two, and then, jumping in himself, took the reins and drove off at a quick trot.

They soon struck into the main road, and the spirited animal made excellent time, the track being in good condition, and the horse comparatively fresh.

"Do you mean to tell me that that woman is your sister?" said Arthur at length, when about a mile away from the scene of his miraculous rescue.

"Yes."

"I am sorry for it."

"Why so?"

"Because she is a fiend incarnate, and I had begun to like you first-rate. I do yet, for you have saved my life, but——"

"Well?"

"I wish you were not her brother."

"So do I."

"This is most strange!"

"Let us talk of something more agreeable. The subject is a painful one, and I hate to think of it. Kate has caused me no end of trouble by her spitefulness, though she never dare work openly against me. As long as I am on your train you need fear nothing."

"How long is it since that accident?"

"Three days."

"How did you escape?"

"I was thrown into the water before the engine sank, and was in that way brought to consciousness. I clambered upon a rock and remained there until taken off by the boatmen."

"And the Maniac Engineer—what did you hear of him?"

"He nearly went crazy when he heard that you were missing, and searched the river for miles. Your hat was found, and they said you were dead."

"Did he believe it?"

"He was obliged to."

"Who is running the express now?"

"He is."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing of the sort. He applied to Barnes the next day, and had a long talk with him, and the result was that he is now running that train. You never saw a more sober man in all your life."

"How did he learn of the attempt to wreck the train?"

"By accident, and too late to be of any service. They have caught one of the men, but he will divulge nothing."

"Isaac Barak was one. I remember hearing him say so."

"The detectives are on Turk's track now, and he had better look out, for I shall give all the information against him that I can."

"And Boynton is running my train?"

"Yes. Tom Jewell and the secretary both kicked against it, but Barnes got Julian on his side, and declared he was going to run the road to suit himself, and not a parcel of fellows whose names were not above suspicion."

"What did he mean by that?"

"I don't know; but they say that the failure of the Pine Bluffs Bank this week was rather mysterious, and that Tom Jewell and the secretary made a nice little pile out of it, although Jewell says he was robbed of the trust funds by some daring thief."

"But I say, Fitz, old fellow, you haven't told me how you came to find me."

"Haven't I?"

"No."

"You want to know, I suppose?"

"Of course I do."

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you."

"Nonsense. I must know."

"Well, if I must, all right, but I am afraid you won't think as much of me as you do now."

"Pshaw! go ahead. I'll warrant that I'll think a great deal more of you. You are too modest."

"In the first place I intercepted a letter of Mort Jewell's," said Fitz. "A boy brought it just after I had had the fuss with him, and asked me where he was, saying that somebody had told him Mort was in the yard."

"I suspected mischief, though why I couldn't tell, and I told the lad to give me the letter, and I would hand it to him, as I expected to see him in a few moments. At first he objected, but I charmed him."

"Charmed him?"

"Yes; I looked him straight in the face, and, in a low tone, told him to give me the letter. Do you know that I am something of a mesmerist?"

"No, indeed."

"I am, though I cannot succeed with everybody. I couldn't charm you any more than I could fly, but I put that boy completely under my control in about two seconds, and made him give me that letter as quietly and calmly as though it belonged to me."

"You amaze me."

"I amaze myself sometimes. When I got a chance I opened the letter, which had come through the mail, and was marked 'private and immediate,' read it, and learned where you were."

"Who wrote it?"

"Turk. He told Mort that if he wanted to see some fun to drive down today and be at the house before two o'clock, as the 'troublesome young engineer' was going to be slaughtered at five minutes past."

"Then the scoundrel had contemplated and arranged the whole thing beforehand."

"Most likely, and he will be wondering why Mort did not turn up and see the fun."

"I'll make fun for him some day, see if I don't."

The Disowned plotting against the Owned; singular circumstance.

Two sons of the same father at bitter enmity, neither knowing his relations to the other. Was there ever so strange a combination?

"That is the whole business," concluded Fitz. "I knew there was trouble ahead. I felt somehow that you were alive, although Boynton believed you dead. All is fair in war, and I stole the enemy's dispatches. Don't blame me, Art, for without that I could never have saved you in the world."

"Blame you, Fitz? No—no! I can never do that. Anything is fair against these people, and I could tell you things that would open your eyes."

"I don't doubt it. The men we are fighting against are shrewd, unscrupulous villains who will use any and every weapon they can get hold of. We must fight them on their own ground."

"That is exactly what I mean to do," said Arthur, "and I shall not wait for them to attack me, either."

They were by this time in the city, and after delivering his horse and buggy, Fitz went immediately to the offices, there being yet about forty minutes to spare before the night express started.

When within two squares of the place, they suddenly met Mort Jewell.

"Halloo, Cheeky!" he said to Arthur. "Thought you'd kicked! You won't have the upper hand of me very long. I can tell you something that'll astonish you."

"I can beat you," said Arthur.

And leaning over suddenly, he hissed in Mort's ear:

"I know who robbed Tom Jewell the other night!"

CHAPTER XV.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Mort staggered as if he had been shot, and turned pale and red in succession.

He quickly left the spot, and the two young men continued their walk.

They soon reached the offices, and both Barnes and Mr. Julian, who happened to be present, were delighted to see Arthur, having feared that he was dead.

"Will you run your train this afternoon?" asked the superintendent, when Arthur had told him briefly of his adventures.

"I will be on hand!"

"Good. Will you step in here for a moment?" leading the way into his own private office.

"My boy, what is going on here. What do you know of the secretary of this road?"

"Nothing."

"But you gave us the impression the other day that you knew a good deal, for he colored visibly at a certain remark you made, and now hates you most tremendously."

"I only know that he is suspected of dishonest practices, and I did not know even that then. He should not carry his conscience on his sleeve, or it will be apt to get hurt."

"Very good. Now here is a piece of advice: Make that man think you know everything, and before long we shall wing him. Julian and I are making a strong fight, for we both detest the Jewells, and would like to see them 'fired,' to use Mort's elegant expression."

"I will aid you, Mr. Barnes, and if there is going to be a fight call on me, and I will be on hand!"

The two went out, for it was time for Arthur to go to the yard, and the first person they saw was Tom Jewell himself, swelling with importance.

"Ah, Barnes," he said, "I want to talk to you. Halloo; that boy turned up again?"

Arthur started for the door when Jewell called him back.

"Where are you going?"

"To look after my engine."

"I don't want you to run an engine any more, my boy. I've got a better job for you. You know that I promised to do well by you for your assistance the other night."

"You have not kept your promise, Mr. Jewell," said Arthur, boldly.

"What do you mean?"

Arthur took the ring from his finger and placed it in front of the millionaire.

"I do not need to state the particulars here, sir," he replied calmly. "I know how to keep my mouth closed. There is your ring. I have no further need for it. The hour has struck and I am still safe."

Jewell turned livid and gasped for breath, and Arthur had reached the door again before he could utter a sound.

Jewell had heard of the devilish device by which the boy was to have been sacrificed, and when Arthur had said: "The hour has struck and I am still safe," he well knew to what the brave young fellow alluded.

"The fiends take it!" he muttered, as he went into the street. "The brat knows everything. How cool he was when he handed me that ring. Beards me to my very teeth! By George, I can't help admiring his spirit. Wish Mort were more like him, the young vagabond."

He walked rapidly toward his elegant residence, and presently muttered to himself:

"Blow me if I ain't afraid of the young scamp! What can ail Turk to bungle so? The job must be done, or it'll be all up with me. Mort fancies he's coming in for a good slice when I die. He, he, won't he be sold?"

The Maniac Engineer was very much surprised to see Arthur, and readily gave up his charge to the boy, Fitz having meanwhile given him a brief account of how Arthur had so nearly come to his death.

Arthur took the train out, and brought it back the next day without any incident worthy of note, and also the next day, which was Friday, returning on Saturday morning, when he would have nothing more to do until afternoon of the next day.

Soon after breakfast Sunday morning Fitz appeared at Arthur's boarding-house, and asked him to go for a walk out into the country.

They were walking rapidly along the hillside an hour later, looking at the city in the distance, its tall spires bathed in sunlight, when a step was heard, and a form sprang out from among the trees.

It was the Maniac Engineer.

"Beware!" he cried. "Go not a step further in this path, or it will be your death!"

Was the man mad?

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur.

"I mean that below there in the valley is an ambush. Strike at once for the road."

"But that is the longer way, and we have no time to lose," said Fitz.

"I tell you that if you go this way you will meet your death. A party of the outlaws are waiting below, and will fire upon you as soon as you reach the valley."

"How did you discover them?"

"It matters not. They are there, believe me."

"But we will be late."

"Follow me; I know a short way which will take us around them. They do not know that I saw them and overheard their devilish plot."

He started down the hill at a quick run, and the two lads followed him.

On reaching the road he struck into a hidden path, and soon reached the bed of an old stream, which ran under overhanging trees, and led along an underground passage.

It was too dark to see, but they could hear the leader's footsteps, and followed him rapidly.

Presently he paused at a place where it was dark as pitch, and reaching up, he pushed something aside, letting in a little light.

"We are in an old mill," he said. "Scramble up, and I will follow."

He then assisted them to climb up, when they found they were in an old building long disused.

Then they pulled him up, and closing the trap he led them into the road, whence they could see the city.

"You are safe now," he said. "Make your way quickly toward home."

"And you?" said Arthur.

"I go to unfathomable life's mystery!"

With these strange words he disappeared in the building, and the boys took the road to the town.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE EFFECTS OF A CHANGE OF BASE.

As Arthur was about to step aboard of his engine, Fitz having fired up, Mort Jewell appeared.

He looked very much astonished at seeing his rival and turned deathly pale.

"I thought you had been killed!" he stammered.

"Did you? The wish was father to the thought, most likely."

"It's a wonder they will let you stay on the road. My day is going to have you given the sack in the morning."

"Has he found out who robbed him yet? Perhaps I can tell him."

"Do you mean to threaten, you impudent young upstart?" cried Mort, now blushing scarlet.

"I shall defend myself, that's all. Have you seen Wicked Kate lately?"

"Confound you and Wicked Kate!" uttered Mort, with an oath. "See here," he added in a whisper, "you are more fly than I gave you credit for. I can put you up to a good thing if you will leave the road and give a friend of mine a chance."

"If you mean Turk, it is no use. There's an indictment out against him."

"It won't be served."

"Why, not?"

"This in confidence, mind?"

"All right."

"He's got the governor in a box and can tell something which the old man wouldn't want known. It isn't him, it's another fellow called Jamison."

"Rodney Jamison?"

"Yes."

"As big a scamp as Barak, every bit."

"That's all right, but we can make a deal of it. You know Clarkson?"

"The secretary? Yes, I know him."

"Between me and you, he's an infernal scamp."

"I know him as well as you do, Mr. Mort Jewell, and I know some other scamps in that same railroad corporation. Your governor, as you call him, will tell you who I mean."

"Sh! That's all right. The old man has a big finger in the pie, and I'm laying to get some of the plunder. You just ask Barnes to give you a sit in the office."

"Well?"

"He'll give it to you, because he's on the watch for the rogues. Then me and you can either go on the honest racket or make a deal with the other side."

"I prefer the honest myself."

"I know you do. Now, listen, me and you have got to be friends. I am sorry that I treated you so rough, but then I didn't know what a brick you were."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"I say, Drake," said Mort to the conductor, "I'm going to ride with Boynton on the engine to Chester. It's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes," answered the conductor, who was afraid of offending the son of one of the magnates of the road.

The train was already in motion and Mort's foot had been on the step all this time, so he jumped in and took a seat as they went whirling over the road.

Arthur did not feel quite satisfied at having Mort with him, though, to tell the truth, the young man had no evil designs upon Arthur this time.

He really wanted to go to Chester, and also desired to talk with Arthur; but, Fitz being present, he could not say all that he wanted to.

They reached Chester about seven o'clock, and Mort promised to be on hand the next morning and go back with Arthur.

Just as Mort was getting off, he turned and whispered in Arthur's ear, so that Fitz could not hear him:

"I'm going to brace the old man now, and if he don't cotton to my little game, over goes the wagon."

With this highly lucid remark, Mr. Mort Jewell departed.

He walked up the main street of the town and, after an interval of ten minutes, turned off into a wide avenue where there were many elegant residences, all surrounded by large gardens and trees.

One of these was Tom Jewell's country seat and Mort swung open the little gate at the side of the path, and, walking up the graded drive, ascended the steps to the mansion.

He rang for admission.

"Where's his royal highness, Adolph?" said Mort to the footman.

"Ef you mean your fazer, he ees at hees dinnaire," answered the dignified footman. "Sal I tell heem zat you haf arrived?"

"No, he'll be up, I suppose, when he has had his hash," answered Mort, desiring to shock the elegant flunky, which he certainly did.

Throwing his overcoat and hat across a chair, Mort put his silk hat on top of an exquisite statue of Venus, standing on a pedestal, and then strolled through the drawing room and entered his father's library.

His father's private note-book lay close at hand, and the son took it up and began reading the contents.

He was deep in its pages when Jewell entered, wearing a gorgeous dressing-gown and slippers.

"'Pon my life, Mort, you've got cheek enough," said he.

"I came fairly by it, dad," answered Mort coolly. "Sit down, governor. I've come up from town to talk to you. How's Pine Bluff stock?"

"Poor enough."

"You and Clarkson made a good haul that night."

Jewell flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Take it easy, old gentleman," said the young scamp. "You were robbed that night, weren't you?"

"Yes, confound it."

"And the thief gave away the whole business to me. Nobody else knows it."

"Sure?"

"Yes, you needn't be afraid of me. You know I won't squeal. Have you got a couple of hundred you can let me have to-night. I am rather short."

"You're getting awfully extravagant, Mort," said the other, tossing him a roll of bills.

"I am going to reform, pop. Tell you what we'll do. Come in on my side. Me and Julian are going to blow on Clarkson. You do the same. He daren't give you away, anyway, and we'll get the credit of being honest. After that you can keep on getting rich out of the company the same as you have done, and not be suspected."

"What do you mean by such talk as this?" asked Jewell angrily.

"That's all right, pop. I know what I'm talking about. I can read, I guess. Tell you what, there's going to be a bust and I know it. Which side are you going to take?"

"The side I can get the most money from."

After some further talk, Mort's father turned to his son and said:

"Mort, that young cub Arthur Boynton must be done away with. Do you know that he is my son by my first wife?"

"The devil!" exclaimed Mort. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"I did not suppose he could make us so much trouble as he has."

"Is he cognizant of the fact?"

"No. He thinks Boynton is his father."

The next morning Barnes told Arthur that Clarkson had decamped with a lot of money belonging to the road and was aboard a train on another road which intersected their road at Chester. Barnes wanted Arthur to try and catch him by getting to Chester before he could. Arthur boarded the train with Fitz, and by getting up great speed, succeeded in getting to Chester ahead of Clarkson. He hunted up the proper authorities and when Clarkson arrived he was arrested.

The next day Mort laid his plans to encompass the death of Arthur.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OPEN DRAW.

The drawkeeper sits in his little box reading the news.

The down express, with Arthur and Fitz in the cab, is rushing along at full speed, the shriek of the engine sounding now and then among the hills, and echoing and re-echoing until the sound is lost.

Arthur, buoyant and happy, Fitz filled with a gnawing dread of some coming evil, Kate, vindictive and vengeful, Turk, stolid and silent—all these are hurrying onward toward their doom, which Mort Jewell is preparing for them.

Brooks, the draw-keeper, hears a sound outside and raises his head.

The door is thrown open and Mort Jewell enters.

"Hello, Brooks! How are you?"

"Why, Mr. Mortimer, whatever can you be doing out here at this time of night?"

"I had business in the village and I find I've got to stay all night. It was full down there, so I thought I would come down and see you."

"Glad you did, sir. It's mighty lonesome hereabouts on wild nights like this."

"'Tis so. Do you stay here all night?"

"No; I get a relief at twelve, but there's nothing doing until morning after the down express passes."

"How does the draw work?" said Mort. "I've a curiosity to see it operate. I've often heard of it, but I've yet to see it."

"It goes by hydraulics. That's what they calls it, but I say that the water moves it. Wait till the train comes and then I'll show ye."

"No, I can't do that. I've got to get back to town."

"Oh, well, it's safe enough, Mr. Jewell, for there's plenty of time. Watch me now."

"You work it by levers?"

"Yes—see?"

Brooks lifted up a ratchet, laid his brawny hands upon the lever, forced it down and secured it in place.

A low, rumbling sound was heard beneath them. The water poured in, the wheel revolved and the bridge slowly swung around parallel with the stream.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" said Mort, looking out the little window.

What is that he holds in his left hand, partly covered with a handkerchief in his right?

What pungent odor is that which arises?

What is he doing?

Saturating a handkerchief with chloroform.

The bridge has swung around and the draw is open.

"What's the matter, Mr. Mortimer? Are you took sick?" says Brooks.

"Yes, I feel—a little—faint. Give me—some—water—quick!"

Has he sniffed the pungent drug he is using?

No.

It is merely a clever trick upon his part.

The kind-hearted draw-keeper pours out a glass of water from a pitcher standing near.

He runs to the young man's side.

Ah! what is that stifling, choking feeling that overcomes him?

Thud!

He has fallen to the floor insensible.

"Good!" mutters Mort, throwing a handkerchief over his face.

A convulsive gasp or two and the man straightens out as though lifeless.

"That's all right," murmurs the wretch, "but suppose he should recover?"

He looks around the place, opens one or two lockers, and finds a short length of stout rope.

It is but the work of a few minutes to bind the man hand and foot, and drag him into one corner of the small room.

Mort glances at the clock.

There is but ten minutes more to spare.

"Aha! success crowns my efforts. This fellow will not awake until the morning, and long before that time that down express will be a shattered wreck, and I am free of my enemies forever."

He glances once more out upon the river.

"What a splendid thing it is to have brains!" he said with a laugh. "If some genius had not put that thing there, what trouble I would have had. Now, it is just as easy as you can imagine."

He stands there in silence for a moment and then turns and looks at the insensible draw-keeper.

"Ay, lie there until morning, you poor fool, and then learn what your negligence has cost!" As a horrible thought crosses his mind: "He will remember me!"

As this idea came to him, he draws a knife and advances toward the unconscious man.

"This will stop him remembering anything," he says as he raises his hand.

Hark!

What is that—a cry for help?

No, the whistle of a locomotive.

Mort springs to his feet.

"Ha! there is no time to lose. Let him live. He cannot hurt me. He won't remember anything until the morning."

He opens the door, goes out, shuts it and hastens down the slippery path, and mutters to himself between his closely-drawn lips:

"Good-night, Mr. Arthur Jewell, and farewell to your glittering prospects!"

He hastens toward the village where no one has seen him leave for the draw-keeper's, and the whistle of the locomotive sounds in his ears.

"Aha! the draw is open and there is no one to close it!" he mutters. "They'll all be lost, and I am saved."

Then he rushes on, not noticing two figures crouched together at the end of the path.

The train was within a few miles of the place of danger when Fitz suddenly uttered a cry of alarm.

He had seen that face again, this time it peered at him from the cab window.

"My heavens! There it is again!"

"What is it?" asked Arthur.

"There it is again!"

"What?"

"That face!"

"Whose face?"

"His, the maniac engineer's!"

"Where?"

"Outside."

"How did it look?"

"Calm and placid, but oh! the depth of those eyes, they pierced my very soul. It is gone now and I shall not see it again!"

"Why not?"

"Because I am doomed!"

"Don't give way like that, Fitz! Cheer up! You have escaped before!"

"But not this time. I have seen it twice to-night."

"Take that as a good sign, man! Cheer up! There is no danger!"

"But I tell you there is!"

"Nonsense! We have passed all the bad places!"

"All except——"

"What?"

"The drawbridge over Hazard's Gap!"

"I'll wager that it is all right. No one could interfere with that very well."

"And yet— Oh, heaven!"

"What is it?"

"The face again!" shrieked Fitz, and then, with a low moan he fell unconscious on the floor of the cab.

Arthur did not check his speed, but tried to restore his friend to consciousness.

And meanwhile, the train was speeding on toward the open draw—toward destruction.

Brooks, the draw-keeper lies unconscious and helpless, while not half a mile away is the down express coming at full speed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Nellie Brooks was the daughter of the draw-keeper and was a bright young girl of nineteen.

She had no mother, so she kept house for her father, whom she dearly loved.

They lived nearly half a mile from the bridge and Nellie usually waited until after the down express passed, so as to have a nice supper ready for her father when he came home.

She was not afraid to stay alone in the house, being a courageous girl and not at all timid; but this night she had company, a girl about her own age.

The weather was so threatening that Nellie persuaded her companion to wait until Brooks came.

"He will see you home, then, Josie, and you won't get wet."

The young lady consented to this arrangement, and the two were busily chatting when there came a heavy knock at the door.

"Come in," she said boldly, having no thought of fear.

The door was pushed open and a man in rags and tatters, bleary-eyed and half intoxicated, entered.

Nellie's companion screamed, but the daughter of the draw-keeper merely arose from her seat and said:

"What do you want?"

"Something t' eat an' drink, an' a kiss, my beauties. All alone, ain't ye? Ho, ho! Brooks ain't home, is he? Ho, ho! That's bully!"

"Leave the house, Dan Browning, you miserable tramp, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ought I?" laughed the fellow, who was well known as a ne'er-do-well, who had been a drunkard for years and who had been in jail more than once.

"Indeed, I won't!" he continued. "Not until you gimme a kiss. I've been kicked and cussed, 'cused o' doin' this and that, an' all the time I'm as innercent as a lamb!"

"Oh, Nellie," said Josie, "do get him away. Let's run and tell your father."

"And leave him the run of the house? I guess not."

"Might a-been in Brooks' place myself," muttered the man, "if it hadn't been for the Turk. He put up a job on me. Had me sent up for stealin' a young un' I never knowed. I got even with him an' stole the rum he put in old Boynton's cab. Wanted to make Boynton tight so's he'd lose his posish."

"What does he mean?" asked Josie.

"I don't know. Boynton used to be an engineer, I think."

"Boynton! Yes, old Boynton, the maniac—horsewhipped Turk once for speakin' sassy to the gal he was goin' ter marry. She went back on him after that and he never married any one. Turk tried to ruin him after that. Nice feller, he is. Keeps company with young Jewell. Bad boy, that—met him to-night goin' toward the drawbridge! Means mischief! Saw it in his eye."

At this Nellie became excited.

Mischief to her father!

"Josie," she whispered, "you must come with me. I fear that my father is in danger. In fact, I am sure of it."

"Are you afraid to go there alone?"

"No; not when there are lives to be saved."

"Gimme suthin' to eat," said Dan, staggering toward Nellie.

The brave girl took him by the shoulder, and pushing him toward the pantry, said:

"Go in there and help yourself. You'll find plenty."

Dan entered. The array of tempting things, pie, cake,

bread, meat and pickles, preserves, cordials and currant wine was too much for him to resist.

As soon as he was well inside, Nellie closed and locked the door, and then seizing Josie by the hand, dragged her out into the night.

They fly along the road like the wind, the sense of unknown danger adding swiftness to their feet.

Suddenly Nellie hears some one approaching, and she drops down upon the ground, pulling Josie after her, as the form of a young man passes.

Hark! What wild shriek is that which rings out upon the silent air?

The approaching locomotive.

This arouses Nellie, and she arises to her feet and runs up the path.

She bursts open the door, and the sight she sees tells the whole story.

Her father bound and helpless.

She glances out upon the water and sees that the draw is open.

The train is coming from the other side of the gap, and therefore there can be no warning that will have it.

The draw must be closed.

Barely three minutes to spare before the train is due.

She sprang to the lever and threw her weight on it, but could not budge it.

"Josie, Josie! Help me!" she screamed.

Josie comprehended the situation in a moment, and sprang to help her, and under their combined weight the lever descended, slowly at first, but then with increased speed.

The flood gates are opened, the wheel moves, and swiftly and silently the draws swings around and click! the pin falls into its place.

At the instant a last whistle is heard, a broad track of light is thrown over the water, the train rushes upon the bridge, exactly as the pin falls, and passes over in safety, while the poor girls, overcome with the reaction, fall senseless at the foot of the great lever.

CHAPTER XIX.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

The bridge had been passed in safety.

There was nothing more of interest during the remainder of the night, and in two or three hours the train ran into the depot at the terminus, and Arthur delivered his passengers safe and sound, and entirely ignorant, as he was himself, of the dreadful fate from which they had been saved.

But the author of the intended catastrophe, what of him?

Judge of his astonishment when ten minutes later he heard the whistle of the engine, and the train swept by him on its way to the city.

"I must get to the city at once," he said, "and put the old man on guard. Confound this mishap! Why didn't I stay until this thing was all over!"

He fairly flew along the track in his haste, and made his way to a livery stable, and after a while succeeded in arousing one of the men, and on Mort's promise to pay him a large sum he provided a pair of fast horses and a light carriage, and drove to Mort's home only an hour and a half behind the train.

Mort admitted himself by means of his latch-key, and going at once to his father's room, gained admittance, and told his father all that occurred.

"By George, Mort, you did well," said the old villain when the narrative was ended. "I can't imagine how you happened to fail."

Then he questioned the young man minutely, and was as much puzzled as Mort to know how the plan could have miscarried.

The two villains sat up plotting against their enemies, and finally went to bed.

Mrs. Jewell, Mort's mother, who had suddenly died the day before, lay in her coffin in the parlor of the mansion.

Contrary to expectation, the enemy did not turn up that day, and the funeral was appointed for the next.

Neither Turk nor Arthur nor Wicked Kate could be found, in spite of a thorough search.

Another engineer was put in Arthur's place, and no one

came forward to accuse Mort of attempting to wreck the train.

This made the arch plotter more uncomfortable than if a vigorous attack had been made, but it was not till after the funeral was over, and the two supposed mourners were eating breakfast the next morning when the footman entered and announced that several ladies and gentlemen were in the drawing-room and insisted upon seeing the gentlemen.

When they entered the drawing-room they found Arthur, Fitz, Kate, Turk, and an old woman and two legal gentlemen.

"Mr. Jewell," said one of the lawyers, coming to the point at once, "I am here to urge the claim of your son," pointing to Arthur, "to his share of your wife's property."

"By George!" muttered Jewell, "they are putting him forward instead of Kate; that's funny."

"You do not deny that he is your son, do you?"

"No, I do not," said Jewell boldly. "He is my son by my first wife."

"Not so," said the lawyer. "He is your second wife's son, and we are prepared to prove it."

"What do you mean?" gasped Jewell, turning pale.

"I mean that Mortimer Jewell is not your son, and has no claim whatever upon the property."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENEMY MAKES A GALLANT FIGHT.

"Mort not my son!" said Jewell, in the most utter astonishment, his hair fairly standing on end, and his eyes starting from their sockets.

"No."

"Whose is he, then?"

"Mine!"

It was the old woman who had spoken.

"It is all false!" cried Mort in a rage. "I the son of that old hag! Impossible!"

"Proceed, Mrs. Anderson," said the lawyer.

The old woman took a seat and told her story.

She had been married in New York thirty years before, and had moved to the west with her husband. About ten years after, just after she had a child born to her, she was called to nurse a lady in childbirth, and took her own child along. The woman's child had lived only three hours and she had substituted her own child for it to give it a good home. In order that she might know her own child again, she had scratched his arm, high up on the shoulder, with a needle, and rubbed ink in the wound, leaving a mark shaped like the letter V.

Mort had listened in silence to all that the woman had said, but as the woman finished speaking he fell from his chair to the floor, uttering a cry of baffled rage, and foaming at the mouth.

His collar and cravat were removed, his shirt band loosened, and cold bandages applied to his forehead.

He soon grew quiet and was placed upon a lounge.

His coat was removed, and one of the lawyers quickly ripped the left sleeves of his shirts, and exposed to the gaze of all a distinct and carefully outlined "V" in blue high up on his arm near the shoulder.

"What better proof do you want than that?" said the lawyer. "Besides that, we have the sworn statement of the nurse-girl, Kate Clarkson, as to her having seen this mark upon the child when he was an infant."

Jewell was in a rage.

Mort an impostor, the property to go into another's hands, all his plans to amount to nothing—it was too much.

"What proof have you that the boy Arthur is my son?" he said.

"Abundant proofs. The sworn statements of two persons, and the appearance of the young man himself. Look at that portrait," said the lawyer, pointing to a likeness of Mrs. Jewell that hung on the wall. "Who can doubt the likeness of my client to that face? This alone would be proof strong as Holy Writ. Then, too, we have the evidence of a man who has known the boy for years, so that we can connect the changed child with the one stolen and placed on the track, and thence to the rescue and the final arrival at young manhood of my client, Arthur Jewell."

"Who is he that can do all this? I would like to see him."

"Behold him!"

The door was opened, and a tall, handsome, but singular-looking man entered.

The maniac engineer.

"My one purpose in life," he said slowly and impressively, "has been to unravel a life's mystery. This young man, supposed to be my son, I saved from death, and have had him in my care ever since. It was the unraveling of his history that has made me the strange being I am."

"I knew that he had not been laid on the track for nothing, though at first I thought him the offspring of a miserable sot whom I saw drunk by his side."

"That he is the same that I saved I will swear to, and that he is the son of Thomas Jewell there is not the shadow of a doubt. Wretched man, you have been plotting for years to take the life of your own son, while you have held to your bosom an alien—one who had not the least claim upon you!"

"That he is my son I have now no doubt," said Jewell in desperation, "but he shall not enjoy his triumph!"

He suddenly drew a revolver and fired at Arthur's head.

The bullet missed him by the merest chance, and struck Turk, who was standing behind him, in a vital part.

Jewell fired twice afterward, and then in the confusion rushed from the room and eluded pursuit in the confusion that followed.

One of the shots struck Wicked Kate in the temple, and she expired without a groan.

The other lodged in the wall close to where the portrait hung, and so, luckily, no further damage was done.

Turk was found to be mortally wounded, and not able to live more than an hour at the latest.

After the shooting Mort had mysteriously disappeared, and nothing was seen of him.

Then came the statement, not before made public, that he had attempted to wreck the down express at Hazard's Gap.

Then Arthur understood why Fitz had seen the face of the maniac engineer, and how they had escaped, in an almost miraculous manner, from a shocking death.

Jewell and Mort had both disappeared, and now it came out that the millionaire had not been as honest as he was supposed to be, Clarkson having confessed everything, and implicating Jewell badly.

"We have not finished with him yet," said Fitz. "He is working in secret against us, and I fear that some terrible calamity is at hand."

"The time for starting is at hand, anyhow," said Arthur, "for I have promised to take my engine out to-day, and I will be there."

CHAPTER XXI.

EXPLANATIONS.

When Arthur was about halfway to the depot he met Barnes and Mr. Julian.

"I don't want you to go out until this afternoon," said Barnes to him.

"How about Fitz?"

"He had better go. I have got a fireman for your engine, and the man who has been taking the four o'clock express will run this one."

They all went to the office, and pretty soon Boynton entered.

"I want to say," said Barnes, when they had all seated themselves, "that Mr. Boynton, your father in tenderness, if not in reality, has never drank a drop of liquor for the past ten years."

"I am glad of that," said Julian.

While they were speaking even, a telegraph boy entered with a message that had just been sent over the wires.

"Express train wrecked at Chester. Broken rail. Fireman instantly killed. Engineer dying. Says fireman spoke of mysterious warning just before accident. Ten people killed—several more badly hurt. No blame attaches to the employees."

"The final warning has come at last," said Arthur. "Poor Fitz! I am sorry for him."

It was as Arthur had supposed.

Fitz had seen the phantom of the maniac engineer in the air, and had instantly communicated his alarm to the engineer.

The man laughed, but at that very instant the crash came, and Fitz was killed by the explosion of the boiler when the engine had jumped the track.

The engineer lived just long enough to tell the story, and then expired.

"It was better for poor Fitz to die," thought Arthur, "as his sensitive nature could not have endured the thought of the shame which would attach to him on account of his relationship with the dishonest secretary and the skilful accomplice of the robbers, Wicked Kate."

"It is better for him, poor fellow!" he mused, after a pause. "He could never have stood the suspicions that evil-minded people would have uttered. It is better so, poor fellow! He did me many a good turn, and I shall not forget him."

CHAPTER XXII.

WINDING UP THE GAME.

That afternoon, when Arthur reached Hazard's, he found the young lady who had saved his life by her coolness and courage waiting to congratulate him on his narrow escape.

"I must rather congratulate you for your coolness and courage," he said, when she had finished, "for without that my life and the lives of all on board would have been sacrificed to the wicked purposes of a bad man."

"I only did my duty," she replied, blushing. "I could not bear to have my father blamed, although he could have exonerated himself. More than that, the thought of my preventing a dreadful calamity moved me to do as I did."

"Your forethought and prompt action has saved all our lives," said Arthur, "and I can never thank you sufficiently for your brave deed."

"You are too kind," she murmured, blushing more deeply than before.

"Not at all. Do you know what the company proposes to do?"

"No, indeed."

"To present you with a gold medal in consideration of your bravery upon a most trying occasion."

"Oh, dear! I don't deserve it."

"Beg your pardon, but I think you do, and I have subscribed toward the fund myself, as have all the passengers who were with me upon that occasion."

"Then Josie deserves one, too, for I could not have done anything without her help."

"She will not be forgotten."

"I am glad of that, for she is a good girl, and deserves as much credit as anybody."

"Allow me to differ with you. However, I would not take one atom from the praise she is receiving. Now I must be off. I expect to be present when that medal is given."

We will just say, in passing, that the presentation of the medal was a grand affair, at which all the officers and most of the employees of the road attended in person, and at the present writing there is nothing that Arthur delights more to gaze upon, except the face of the recipient, than that

medal which his—well, yes, we may as well say it—which his wife, formerly the bridge-keeper's daughter, Nellie Brooks, keeps in an elegantly mounted case in the drawing-room for everybody to look at.

Now that we have let it out, we shall say right here that Arthur married the lovely girl two years afterward, and that there never was a merrier wedding in all the land.

Arthur expected that he had not seen the last of Tom Jewell, and he was not mistaken.

It was two days after Mort's disappearance, and Arthur, having reached Chatham, started to go to his hotel, taking the same short-cut that he made upon the night that he first encountered Fitz.

The night was cold for October—more like a winter's night, the wind sweeping in strong gusts around the corners and fairly biting into one's bones.

On this account Arthur had buttoned up his coat around his throat, and, with his head down, was going ahead at a good pace, when he was suddenly set upon by a strong man, armed with a knife.

In an instant he had grappled with his assailant, and seizing him by the throat, dragged him to the light.

The man fought desperately to escape, at the same time attempting to stab Arthur, but the young man was sturdy beyond his years, and the villain was literally dragged under a street lamp, when Arthur threw him back so that he could see his face.

It was Tom Jewell.

"So—so. You have turned up again, have you?" said Arthur. "You'd better have left the country."

"I will kill you yet," growled the old villain. "I am not to be done out of my money so easily, I'll have you know."

Arthur turned away, leaving the man standing by the lamp-post.

Jewell sprang at him, but Arthur heard him coming, quick as he was, and with one swift blow he knocked him to the ground.

The effect of that blow was more strange than one would suppose.

Jewell had a revolver, but he had not drawn it before on account of the noise it would make.

Before making this last attack, however, he had pulled it from his pocket, and intended to shoot as soon as he could grapple with the brave lad.

Arthur struck him before he could do this, and when he fell his hand, still grasping the weapon, was under him.

It was discharged by the concussion, and the bullet entered a vital part.

Arthur summoned assistance, and the scoundrel was taken to the hospital, where he lived scarcely an hour, being unconscious all that time.

Arthur's claim was sufficiently established, and he at once took possession of the property which was his by right, but which Mort had hoped to inherit.

The strange being to whose daring Arthur owed his life, did not long survive the accomplishment of his purpose, and passed away peacefully within a year.

At this time his name is almost forgotten, and his strange life is but a passing remembrance, soon erased by other thoughts, except in the mind of the middle-aged millionaire I now have in view, Mr. Arthur Jewell, formerly the protégé of the maniac engineer.

Next week's issue will contain "JACK WRIGHT AND HIS ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE; OR, THE LOST MINE OF DEATH VALLEY."

TAKE NOTICE!

Stories by the very best writers of fiction are appearing in MYSTERY MAGAZINE. Here is a list of a few whose names are a guarantee of the high quality of their work:

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
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JULIAN HAWTHORNE
EDGAR FAWCETT

JOHN HABBERTON
EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER
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and many others equally as well-known. Do not fail to tell your friends about this elegant galaxy of talent. If you want good detective and mystery stories, be sure to read MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

BASEBALLS IN EQUIPMENT.

Baseballs, footballs and other athletic paraphernalia have been made a part of the regular military equipment of American soldiers sent overseas.

The Athletic Division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp activities is endeavoring to furnish each company going to France with a complete box of athletic goods, it was announced recently.

THE DEBTS OF THE WARRING NATIONS.

The London Economist for February places the total gross debt of Great Britain at 5,678,600,000 pounds (\$27,636,000,000).

The French minister of Finance in presenting the budget for 1918 estimated the public debt of France on December 31, 1918, at 115,166,058,000 francs (\$22,227,000,000).

The public debt of Italy at the end of 1917 is estimated at about 35,000,000,000 lire (\$6,676,000,000).

The debts of the Central Powers are estimated as follows: Germany, \$25,408,000,000; Austria, \$13,314,000,000; and Hungary, \$5,704,000,000.

Our own public debt is now around \$8,000,000,000, but more than half of this amount has been loaned to our Allies and will be repaid us. It is estimated that of the total net expenditures of the United States for the fiscal year of 1918, exclusive of our advances to our Allies, more than one-half will be defrayed by taxation.

THE LIBERTY LOAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

The relation of the newspapers of the country to the Liberty Loan and other governmental efforts is expressed in the telegram of Secretary McAdoo to the editors assembled in New York last week in attendance on the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

"Will you be good enough to express to the members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, now in session, my sincere and warm appreciation of the great service they have rendered to their country by their consistent, unselfish, and patient support of the successive Liberty Loans, which have been offered by the Treasury Department.

"These loans could not have succeeded without the support of the newspapers, and it gives me great pleasure to make this acknowledgment. An enlightened public opinion is the chief asset of a democracy. By keeping the people of America informed on public events and transmitting word of the financial and other needs of the Government, the American newspapers have performed a public and incalculable service to the Nation. I know that the

service will be continued and that the newspapers will do their full share in assisting America to win this war for democracy and justice."

WHY SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SALUTE.

Everybody who has a relative in the Army or Navy probably knows how often soldiers and sailors are called upon to salute. But how many know why they salute as they do? Why do they raise their hands to their hats; come to "present arms" rather than "order arms" or "port arms"; man the yards rather than disappear into the ships; beat drums, play loud music and fire cannon instead of maintaining silence?

The most common form of salute, raising the hand to the hat, used toward every officer by every other officer, beneath him in rank and all enlisted men, and always returned by the officer and which is used upon all other occasions demanding a salute of an individual soldier or sailor while not under arms, bears a close resemblance to touching or raising the hat as civilians do in a salutation. The connection between salutes and salutations is not so clear, says the Rochester Herald, but nearly all have the form of salutations performed in an easy, natural step than to use these acts of something symbolical to indicate friendship, lack of hostile intent or submission to one higher in power.

In the Middle Ages knights in armor habitually removed their helmets when in the presence of friends. Removing the hat by the male members of modern society is a direct survival of that old custom of mailed knights, and the abbreviations of it, as touching the hat or merely waving the hand, speak for themselves and are as if the owner said, "You are my friend."

The position of "present arms," in which the rifle is held vertically in front of the body, is used as a salute nearly as frequently as touching the hat. As the name indicates, it is symbolical of giving up the weapon, that is, surrender or an expression of submission to or respect for a higher power.

Manning the yards was first practiced with the object of exposing the crews, so that any one approaching or boarding the ship would feel safe from treacherous acts. In thus sending his sailors aloft the captain placed his vessel in a practically helpless position so far as fighting was concerned.

The custom of firing cannon, beating drums or playing bands, when used in salutes, is the survival of a form of salutation which has been practiced by nearly all people of all times. Among savages, when a person of importance arrives at a village, the chief often orders his subjects to go through their ceremony of welcome which custom has given to the tribe. This consists of dancing, rhythmic shouting, hand-clapping and drum-beating.

CURRENT NEWS

AGED VETERAN WORKS.

An interesting fact about the work on the grading of the railroad which is now being done in Boone, N. C., is that Capt. W. M. Hodges, an ex-Confederate soldier, now eighty-six years old, is putting in ten hours every day with his mattock on the work, and this not because he needs to but to show his deep interest in getting the road completed to his county seat. This is patriotism no less than on the field of battle.

ORIGINATOR OF WAR CHEST.

A recent visitor to Hog Island was Mr. Herman Hulman, of Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Hulman has worked out a plan of systematic contributing along the lines of the war chest methods. Single-handed he has organized the residents of a county in Indiana, whereby the contributors regularly give from \$1 to \$100 each month. This money goes to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations officially authorized by the War Department. There are now 17,000 contributors who each month give upwards of \$20,000.

MAYOR A COBBLER.

E. N. Longstreth, Mayor of Oakwood, a town west of Danville, Ill., while presiding at a meeting of the town council, the other night, half-soled two pairs of shoes, put a patch on another, wrote two life insurance policies, waited on a few customers who came into the shop, and kept in touch with the matters before the council.

The council decided to buy a building now occupied by a bank. This building will be used as a city hall. Longstreth has been mayor for years.

NURSES LEARN TO BOX.

All of the nurses who are serving in the base hospital at Camp Custer cantonment are to receive boxing lessons. The nurses, nearly 100 of them, who expect to soon go to France, asked that they be taught the art of self-defense. Stories of German atrocities inflicted upon Red Cross nurses and other women and girls, made the Camp Custer nurses determined to learn how to fight.

Charlie White, division boxing instructor, has been ordered to organize boxing classes for these women. So far as known, Custer is the first cantonment in the United States to take such action.

TAME QUAIL GETS TIPSY.

J. L. Minton of Barbourville, N. Y., some four years ago captured a young quail which in a short time thereafter became the pet of the Minton family.

A few months after the quail was domesticated a grandson of the family visited them, having in his possession a number of bottles of beer, a drink of which, in an idle moment, he gave to the quail,

which after constantly tasting, drank to the last drop.

The bird has kept this up ever since, drinking both beer and wine with great relish, but preferring the former, a large glass of which he can down at one time, if it is given him, resulting in his becoming tipsy.

TAX ON LUNCHEON BILLS.

A Youngstown, Ohio, concern has originated a novel manner of conducting its cafeteria in such a way as to encourage food conservation. A half dozen men in the General Fire Proofing Co. at a luncheon at that plant recently decided that they were eating too much. In order to make it an object to eat less the following rules were adopted: Any member of the club who has a lunch check for 20 cents or less contributes 5 cents to a general savings fund which reverts to him in the form of Thrift Stamps. A 20 to 25 cent check requires a 10-cent tax. A check for 25 to 30 cents requires a 15-cent tax. New members joining the club pay an initiation tax of one Thrift Stamp. This concern conducts its own kitchen and dining-room and sells at cost to employees. The tax plan is expected to save food and to provide a Thrift Stamp fund as well.

ANIMALS' EARS.

If you ever see a rabbit running notice its ears and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf, says a writer in the Congregationalist. Their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful Nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jack rabbit of the Western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and as it is in more danger than our rabbits are its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him. That is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. A dog raises his ears in a similar way.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

RABBIT PEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

Consul Winslow, at Auckland, reports:

As a fair illustration of the rabbit pest in certain portions of New Zealand, and especially in the drier sections of the South Island, it is stated that on an estate lately taken over by the New Zealand Government, comprising 12,446 acres of freehold and a pastoral run of 19,250 acres, there were killed or captured about 120,000 rabbits in order to clear up the property so as to make it suitable for the location of returned soldiers.

FRENCH BUILD SHIP IN ZONE OF BATTLE.

The largest freighter in the French mercantile marine service was launched at Dunkirk, Saturday, April 27, and is now safe in a French port remote from the fighting zone. She is 450 feet long and is of 19,000 tons displacement. The Germans, aware of the location of the shipyard, tried in every way to destroy the yard and ship. Long range guns bombarded the vicinity, air raiding Gothas dropped bombs there and twice flotillas of torpedo boats attempted quick bombarding raids.

The night preceding the launching the Germans tried to bombard the shipyard from Gothas, but were beaten off. The enemy then sowed mine fields along the course which they knew the freighter would travel, but the mines were picked up the next day. The Ministry of Marine considers it a great feat to build and launch a great ship so near the actual fighting front.

NEW GOLF BALL HAS CORE OF STEEL.

A new golf ball has just been invented by P. A. Vaile, author of "Wake Up, England," "Modern Golf," "Modern Tennis" and many other books on sport and travel. The ball has only recently been patented, but the inventor claims that it will be as great an improvement on the existing rubber-covered ball as that was on the old gutta-percha.

Most of the interior of the ball is hollow. It consists of a spherical steel shell or "core," preferably of one piece. This is not thicker than paper, and it is charged with air or other gas under pressure. The ordinary rubber thread is wound on the steel case in the usual way, or possibly a solid rubber exterior shell might be used. Then the customary gutta-percha case or cover is put on.

It is claimed that this ball is faster off the driver than the existing ball, and therefore is longer in both carry and run, and that it is "deader" off the short strokes and on the green, and therefore more under control for approaching and putting.

NEWEST THINGS.

Gasoline, under air pressure in a tubular handle, is used in a new self-heating flat iron.

A new flagstaff for railroad brakemen has a compartment in the handle for carrying torpedoes.

Japanese waterproof paper umbrellas and lanterns with an oil extracted from rubber plant seeds.

Despite the competition of electricity, the coal gas business is steadily increasing in England.

One of the newer measuring tapes is perforated at each half inch so marks can be made through it.

The smallest practical dry battery has been invented for use in a French vest pocket cigar lighter.

A patent has been granted for a keyhole saw that has four working surfaces of varying size and cut.

A micrometer used by a Swiss watch company accurately measures to the hundredth part of a millimeter.

Both a cigar cutter and a windshield are included in a new pocket holder for boxes of safety matches.

About 21 per cent. of Spain's population, some 4,000,000 persons, is engaged in agricultural pursuits.

A shade that folds like an umbrella for convenience in carrying features a new portable electric lamp.

"SHOWERS OF FISH."

The next time you read of a shower of fish or toads do not regard the story as entirely the product of sprightly imagination. Such things do happen from time to time. It is quite possible that a violent wind may scoop the water from a pond or stream and deposit it, together with its inhabitants, some distance away.

Showers of blood or sulphur or worms are often described as supernatural happenings in ancient writings, says W. L. McAtee in the Monthly Weather Review, but they are easily explained. Instances of "blood rains" have been shown to be due to the presence in pools of rain water of vast quantities of insect or animal life, the eggs or spores of which were probably transported by the wind. Reddish dust is also brought down during rainstorms.

Showers of "worms" may be caused by hordes of the larvae of insects, such as the soldier beetle, emerging from soil saturated by a heavy downpour. Quantities of pollen from trees and plants are often carried by the wind, which would explain the reported rains of sulphur.

Tornadoes have transported for considerable distances far heavier objects than those mentioned above. A turtle, 6 by 8 inches and entirely covered by ice, is said to have fallen during a hailstorm in Mississippi, while, in the same State, a 675-pound iron screw was lifted by a hurricane and deposited 900 feet away. A church spire was carried seventeen miles by a tornado at Mount Carmel, Ill.

SENT ON THE ROAD

—OR—

A SMART BOY IN BUSINESS

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A serial story)

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

"I wish you would. When do you go out?"

"Eight o'clock this evening."

"And it's now only four. You will dine with me this evening, of course?"

"I should be very glad to."

"Well, all right. Come out and have a drink."

Now, Walter had never touched liquor in his life, but since he turned canvasser he had, we must admit, foolishly allowed himself to acquire the habit of responding to these invitations, which are thrown in the face of every canvasser in the building trades, to the extent of drinking beer.

Anxious to keep on the good side of this busy, hustling fellow, whose expressed contempt for the Hogg & Grabbit block had won his heart, he accepted the invitation without a murmur and followed Mr. Wagner out on Fifteenth street.

"Oh, just hold on a minute, will you?" said Wagner. "I've got to telephone to a man. I do a big business in sewerpipe, you must understand. I only handle fireproofing on the side. I'll be right back, Mr. Webster. Won't keep you waiting a minute."

He hurried back into the office and soon returned.

"Now, then," he said, taking Walter's arm familiarly. "By the way, I s'pose it's the big Parrott block you are after in Denver?"

"Yes," replied Walter, and he could have bitten his tongue a second later to think that he should have been fool enough to let it out.

"It's a big contract. It will cover a whole square," continued Wagner. "You ought to let me have a commisison on that. It was I who recommended the architects to specify the Bagley block, and you have no agent in Denver, you know."

"I should have to consult the house about that," replied Walter. "Could you handle Denver and Kansas City, too, think?"

"Sure I could. Here we are."

They turned down an alley and entered a small cafe.

"What'll you have?" demanded Wagner, as they lined up at the bar.

"Beer for mine," replied Walter.

"Oh, the deuce! Try a hot Scotch or a highball. What's the matter with you? Unless you can take your whisky you'll never be a success on the road."

"I only drink beer," replied Walter, firmly.

"Beer, Billy," said Wagner, "and whisky straight for mine."

The drinks were placed on the bar.

Wagner kept on talking a steady stream.

Of course Walter felt that he had to treat.

He drank another beer.

In a very few minutes he wished he had not.

The room began swimming about him.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wagner.

Well might he ask!

Walter was reeling.

An instant later he sank to the floor unconscious.

"That's all right, Billy," chuckled Wagner. "Much obliged."

Much obliged for what?

Was this a case of knockout drops?

Certainly it looked like it.

Walter was up against the perils of the road.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

A boy sent on the road has a lot to learn.

In every city in the United States business is done differently.

Everywhere he runs up against good and bad.

The trouble is to discriminate.

What Walter had not learned was the lesson he was receiving now, that difficult as it is to do business with matter-of-fact New Yorkers, their way of doing things is still to be preferred to that of certain smooth-tongued scoundrels who are to be met occasionally when one tackles trade "out West."

Not but what there are enough of them in the East, but there they do things in a different way.

Walter was knocked out for fair.

Even if he had taken cold water instead of beer the result might have been the same.

If he could have heard the conversation which took place between his friend Wagner and Billy the bartender he would doubtless have been charmed.

Billy came out from behind the bar, and they lifted poor Walter into a chair, and managed to get his arms on the table, and his head down upon them.

"He's a good-looking young guy," said Billy. "What's the game, Gus?"

"Oh, I d'n' know," replied the agent. "I had a telegram from a friend of mine asking me to fix him if he came this way, and I done it, that's all."

He handed Billy five dollars.

"We can't keep him here," said the bartender.

"Who the mischief asked you to?" retorted Wagner.

"Say, Gus?"

"Waal?"

"You don't intend to do him permanently, I hope?"

"Oh, thunder, no! We just want to hold him back over a couple of trains to keep him from getting to Denver too soon. It's just a little business scheme."

"Oh, that's all right. Can you get him out of here?"

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

PRIVATE DROWNS IN LAKE AS COMRADE IS RESCUED.

Noah Dowling of Lawrence, Kan., and Homer D. Grimm of Mount Carroll, Ill., privates attached to the Medical Corps at Base Hospital No. 9, Lake-wood, N. J., were paddling in a canoe on Lake Carasajo the other night when the canoe upset. Neither of the men could swim. Private William Packard of Tilden, Mass., who is invalided home from France, rescued Grimm. Dowling's body was found two hours later.

JAPANESE GIRLS SEW.

Although unable to speak a word of English, Miss Fuku Endo and Mrs. Kimiko Fukushima, two Japanese girls just arrived from the Orient, are apt pupils at Opportunity School's "War Work" classes, Denver, Colo. The two Japanese girls have learned to sew "the American way," and spend several hours daily at the school industriously working on garments for children of the Italian war sufferers.

GIRL IN "JEANS."

Miss Jennie Kootz has traded her position as a milliner for that of a farmer. She has donned jeans and a straw hat to help Uncle Sam and the boys "over there" while she does a man's work on her father's farm near Shelbyville, Ill. Miss Kootz's incentive came after returning home from work in a millinery store here one day and found her father becoming too feeble to manage his farm. "I'll drive the corn planter and the cultivator while the hired man does the hard work," she declares.

A FORTUNE IN FLYING CHIPS.

The machining of metal parts of any description can not be done without a certain loss of metal by the chips flying off during the work. This loss, in the case of high priced metals, adds considerably to the price of the article made from the material in question. To reduce the loss, a good many methods have been suggested by most of which it is tried to collect the flying chips so that they can be remelted. Even this, however, very often is only possible under great difficulties and it is estimated that millions of dollars yearly are lost to the nation from this source alone. For instance, the aluminum chips coming off while machining aluminum castings for automobile gear boxes, total in value more than \$3,000,000 annually. In former times, near 50 per cent. of these aluminum chips were simply thrown away. Now it has become possible to recover a large percentage of the metal by remelting and the actual loss has been reduced to approximately 20 per cent. and there are firms who confess to recover even more of the metal. By doing so, approximately

\$2,500,000 have been added to the yearly income of the United States. Here is a chance for machine shop managers to increase the earnings of their plants by making use of what formerly was thrown away.

GERMANY NOW HAS AN OFFICIAL MILKER.

New offices, with titles corresponding, were created by the authorities of Alzey in Rhenish Hessa, Germany. One is called the milk reviser, and the other the test milker. German newspapers reporting this innovation do not say what uniforms these new officials are wearing and whether they have received the privilege of carrying sidearms.

In Germany the owner of cows is entitled to only a certain amount of milk for his own use. The balance he must give up at a certain price fixed by the Government. Some owners of cows seem to be inclined to keep more milk to themselves than allotted to them by law. Others might dispose of their surplus milk at secret sales, thus obtaining a higher price. To stop these illegal machinations the new officials were installed in Alzey. The milk reviser will have to keep a strict account of the number of cows in the district, of the periods when they are fresh or dry, etc.

The test milker will have to visit the farms unexpectedly and milk some of the cows in order to compare the official "output" with the one reported by the farmer.

MAKING BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR.

In France bread has been made without flour in a machine that transforms the wheat directly into dough. This machine has a large screw turning loosely in a case on the inner surface of which is a screw thread running in an opposite direction. Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove becomes progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain as it enters the machine, at the same time accommodating only the pulverized wheat at the exit.

The wheat is prepared by a thorough washing, after which operation about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, the whole mixture being allowed to stand for some six hours. Then the grains of wheat have swollen to twice their ordinary size. The mixture is then treated with yeast and salt and is poured into the machine. It falls between the threads of the moving screw, which simultaneously crush the envelope and body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture that forms a smooth paste.

Bread made by this process contains a succession of holes whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is thin. The odor given off is said to be most agreeable.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1918.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Fishermen along the Atlantic Coast from Florida north have begun taking sharks suitable for food purposes and smoking the meat, says a bulletin of the U. S. Food Administration. This product is reported to be coming into the market and finding ready sale.

The first and only bearing camphor plantation of any size in this country is located at Satsuma, Fla., says Popular Science Monthly. It contains over 2,000 acres of camphor trees which last year yielded over 10,000 pounds of crude camphor. This year it is expected that the yield will be many times this amount. Florida has several other plantations, which will soon come into bearing. Many more trees are being planted, and camphor may soon become profitable.

To remove a splinter from the hand, fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, writes R. Kirkpatrick in Popular Mechanics. Thrust the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The flesh will be drawn down, and shortly the splinter will be exposed under the action of the steam. This method is far better than the common and dangerous practice of pricking the flesh with a pin or knife point. The usual antiseptic solution should be applied.

The spectators at wrestling matches in Japan pelt the winner with their hats. This is a custom with the Japanese of showing their appreciation of the skill of the winner. The hats are gathered up by the attendants and handed to the champion. Eventually the owners come forward and redeem their hats with presents of various kinds. The custom in question is, it is explained, due to a recognition of the fact that enthusiasm is likely to cool down shortly after the event which excited it is passed. So, to prove the genuineness of his admiration, the Jap gives his hat as a pledge, to be redeemed in his cooler moments.

Postmaster General Burleson has called for the construction of five airplanes to be used in the establishment of an aerial route between Washington, Philadelphia and New York. The service contemplates one round trip per day, with the probability of a later expansion. Airplanes and parts are to be delivered as may be designated by the Post Office Department at the cities above named, not later than April 25, 1918, and the War Department will release a sufficient number of motors to equip these airplanes. The airplanes must be capable of carrying 300 pounds of mail for 200 miles, without stop, at a maximum full load speed of 100 miles and a minimum full load speed of 45 miles. They must have a climbing speed of 6,000 feet in ten minutes. They are to be equipped with the celebrated Hispano-Suiza motor of 150 horse-power.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Why are you crying, little boy?" "Farver 'it 'is fumb wiv a 'ammer—an' I laughed."

Sufferer—Doctor,, don't you think that a change to a warmer climate would do me good? Specialist—Good gracious, man! That's just what I am trying to save you from!

A woman at Ardmore, not being used to street cars, asked: "At which end shall I get off?" "It doesn't matter," replied the conductor, "both ends stop."

"Can you give me any good reason for refusing to don tights in the new play?" asked the manager, after an obstinate rebellion on the part of the leading lady. "I sure can," was the principal's reply. "I'm bow-legged."

Boarding Mistress—Is there anything wrong with that egg, Mr. Fourper? I see you according it a very critical examination. Mr. Fourper—Oh, not anything wrong with the egg, Mrs. Skimpem. I was just looking for the wishbone, that's all.

"Please bring me some of that first. I've never eaten peas that way; maybe I won't like them." The waiter was an Irish-American. With a smile that began and ended in his eyes, he said soberly: "I'm sorry, sir, but that's a mistake. There isn't any peace in the kitchen. We've got an Irish and a Dutch cook down there."

The other evening little Harry Smith was in an unusually inquisitive mood when he asked his mother, "Is the old white hen to be sent away for the summer, ma?" "I don't think so, Harry. What makes you ask?" was the reply. "Well, this morning I heard papa tell the new governess that he would take her out for a spin in his auto just as soon as he sent the old hen away for the summer."

PEARY'S BOY GUIDE

—OR—

ICEBOUND IN THE ARCTIC

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

Food and supplies were landed from the ship, and a few men were left aboard to guard her while the rest of the party lived on land.

Jack and Grace had gone ashore with Peary and his staff of officers and scientific men, and Terry had been put in charge of the crew on the ship, who were living in the fore-castle and between decks.

It was the forward deck-house in which the officers were living, and they were supplied with coal and every other comfort against the fearful cold which was now setting in with the long Arctic night.

The days had grown exceedingly short, and the wind was laden with sharp, icy particles that stuck into the skin of anyone exposed to them much as if they were needles.

In the north the leaden-hued sky was aflame with the aurora's beautiful colored lights much of the time now, and the Esquimaux and their dogs went for shelter in ice huts the natives built for themselves.

Inside of a few days they had the camp completed, so that they were prepared for the coldest weather and the worst of storms.

It was then that Peary went out to the cliff with Jack, and pointing to the north, he asked the boy:

"Are you sure you will know the way to the Pole?"

"With Esquimau Joe I cannot fail to find it again, sir," answered the boy, with confidence. "That vast sea of ice spread out before us may be a blank to you, but to me it is an open book, sir."

"Well, you shall soon have a chance to show what you can do, for I am going to set out with a party inside of an hour to travel a distance of one hundred miles north of here, where I intend to establish a base of supplies. We shall return here, and at the next favorable chance we will make another trip two hundred miles distant and make a second base. Later on a third base will be established three hundred miles from this place. I intend to leave a couple of Esquimaux at each base. They can build and live in igloos, and support themselves by hunting and fishing. When the proper time comes next spring I will form a small party to go with me to the third base. From that point we shall start off on our final dash for the North Pole."

"That's a splendid plan, Mr. Peary," said Jack, thoughtfully, "as it means three way-station to which we can retreat in case we have to fall back for shelter or for food."

"Tell Esquimau Joe about the plan, and you and

he can get ready for the start," said the explorer, and they returned to the camp.

Jack put on a heavy suit of furs, armed himself with a knife, revolver and a good repeating rifle and went to find Joe.

The Esquimau was with the dogs, and he was delighted at what the boy told him, and began to get ready, after giving orders to some of the natives regarding the harnessing of the dogs to the sledges.

Under Peary's direction some of the sailors were now loading two of the sledges with food and supplies designed for the first base.

Inside of two hours four sledges were ready.

There were twelve dogs hitched to each one.

An Esquimau driver was put on each of the supply sledges, Joe being one of them; Peary and a scientist, whom we will call Dr. Wolf, got in another, and Jack was just about to take charge of the last one alone when he heard a silvery laugh behind him and turned around.

Grace Wilson stood behind him, attired in a pretty little fur costume which she had taken from her suit case.

"Going without me, Jack?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Why, Grace, we are off on a journey of one hundred miles, and the trip will be fraught with all kinds of danger."

"But Mr. Peary said I might go."

"For my part, I'd be glad to have you along, but I don't think you had better run the risk we shall have to face——"

"Nonsense! I am going, so that is all there is about it!"

The boy made no more objections, for he saw that it would be useless.

"All right," said he. "I was just going to drive over to the camp to bid you good-by, but I guess it won't be necessary now. Get into the sledge and tuck that heavy bearskin robe around you."

Every man in the camp was out to see them off, and as Jack put himself at the head of the party, to show them the way, he shouted:

"Good-by, all!"

Then he cracked the long-lashed dog whip he carried, and as the dogs went racing away northward, dragging the sledges behind them, the men who were left behind let out a rousing cheer, and shouted a volley of good wishes after the gallant little party.

In a short time the sledge party was hidden in the mist.

"Well, we are off for the Pole at last, Mr. Peary!" shouted Jack, as the explorer skilfully drove his sledge close beside the one Jack was managing. "And I see that you are an old hand at driving dogs."

"Oh, I've had some experience," laughed the explorer. "And I see that you are perfectly at home managing the beasts, too."

"During my former residence here I was at it all the time, sir."

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TOPICS

BORROWED A WIFE.

Antonio Brozowski, of Rockford, Ill., answered in his draft questionnaire that he was married, but it developed that he had borrowed the wife of William Savage of Johnson City, Ill., for the occasion and the Government gave him a year imprisonment. Mrs. Savage was permitted to go home.

GERMANY USES ZINC COINS FOR NICKEL NEEDED IN WAR.

Germany is calling in her nickel coinage, the metal of which is needed for projectiles, and is substituting zinc for minting coins of this class.

Authority has just been given for the minting of \$2,000,000 worth of zinc 2 1-2 cent pieces.

STEAMER DELIVERED IN TIME THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED IN HISTORY.

Completed and ready for her cargo, the steamship Tuckahoe, built by the New York Shipbuilding Company in world's record time, has been turned over to the United States Shipping Board in this city. Thus, thirty-seven days after the keel was laid the big steel ship, of 5,548 tons dead weight, was prepared to sail across the seas. Coal and supplies for the crew were placed aboard Tuesday, May 14, and Capt. Rupert Wry and his crew of forty men took possession of the ship.

USELESS MONEY IN BANKS.

Battle Creek, Mich., banks have \$50,000 in cash on hand they don't know what to do with.

The money really belongs to several thousands of men employed on Camp Custer construction work who failed to cash their checks. Porter Bros., contractors, paid out checks weekly and the Government deposited cash to cover them. Hundreds of men left camp daily with pay checks for small amounts, and the sum of unclaimed money grew all summer. Some of the checks uncashed amount to \$50 or more.

The Government has no way to take the money back. Porter Bros. have no legal claim on the money. And the banks can't get rid of the money because there is still a possibility of the checks showing up.

TRICOLORED LIGHTS TO SHOW DIRECTION.

An automobile direction indicator, by which the driver of a car may warn traffic by means of colored lights of the direction in which he is proceeding, has been invented by Joseph Sanna-Ser of New Orleans, who has applied for patent thereon.

The device consists of a reflector to fit over the ordinary automobile lamp casing, which is supplied with five electric lamp sockets. In the center is a white light. At the sides are red ones, at the top a green one and at the bottom one of blue. In oper-

ation the white light is to show at all times, with the others to be shown at the will of the operator of the car. Contemplating a turn to the left a red light at the left would be shown. The reverse would indicate a turn to the right. The green light showing above the white would indicate the car being run under emergency and at speed, while the blue showing below the white would mean that a stop would be made. A direction indicator at the back of the car would work in unison with one over the headlight.

GUARD LAWN 200 YEARS.

The uncanceled order which left a military guard, intended for one night only, to watch over Drury Lane Theater for nearly two centuries, had a parallel in the Royal Palace at Petrograd.

About thirty years ago some economist questioned the need of a sentry on guard, night and day, on one particular spot on the lawn. No one could answer until old records were turned up, and it was found that Catherine I., admiring a crocus bloom on the lawn, had desired the plant to be protected.

So a guard had been mounted and, no countermand being issued, had been maintained for nearly two centuries.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL FISHING.

How the natives collect the shells in the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden from which we get our mother-of-pearl is described in a report from Addison E. Southard, American Consul at Aden. About twenty men go out to the fishing beds in a sailing dhow and then divide up into rowboats, in which they search for likely spots, using a kerosene tin with one end filled with glass as a water telescope.

After locating the shells one of the fishermen removes his scant clothing, places a small clamp or plug to close his nostrils, and dives. As he descends a large basket is lowered, weighted with a stone to cause it to sink quickly. The diver works on the bottom, throwing the shells into the basket until he has filled it. He usually finds it necessary to come to the surface two or three times for a fresh breath before he has completed the filling of a basket. There are many sharks in the Red Sea and in the Gulf of Aden, and when the divers are attacked they are fortunate if they escape minus a leg or an arm.

The shells vary from two inches to ten inches in diameter. After six or eight hours the shells are opened and the oysters eaten. When the dhow is laden she goes to Aden or Massowah and drives a bargain with the shell buyers. Just before the war the prevailing price was about 16 cents a pound; to-day it is only 8 cents. One large shipment to the United States was made last year. The Aden market supplies about 500,000 pearl shells a year.



MAGIC CARD BOX.—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c; 4 for 25c; one dozen 60 by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

A PECK OF TROUBLE.

7	5	3	
4	3	4	7
8	9	8	8
7	4	7	8

One of the hardest puzzles ever invented. Mix blocks well; then move squares without removing the box, so that every line of figures, up and down and across, and the two diagonals, will each add up 23. The Blank space may be left in either of the four corners.

Price 10 cts. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RUBBER SUCKER.



Rubber Vacuum Suckers

The latest novelty out! Dishes and plates will stick to the table, cups to the saucers like glue. Put one under a glass and then try to lift it. You can't. Lots of fun. Always put it on a smooth surface and wet the rubber. Many other tricks can be accomplished with this novelty.

Price, 12 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.

This one is a corker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot. Price 15c, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.



This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you thought there were some cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.

Price 25 cents, sent by parcel post, post paid.

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THE JOKE SPIKE.



This joke spike is an ordinary iron spike or very large nail, the same as is found in any carpenter's nail box. At the small end is a small steel needle, 1/2 inch in length, firmly set in spike. Take your friend's hat or coat and hang it on the wall by driving (with a hammer) the spike through it into the wall; the needle in spike will not injure the hat or garment, neither will it show on wall or wood where it has been driven. The deception is perfect, as the spike appears to have been driven half-way through the hat or coat, which can be left hanging on the wall. Price, 10 cents, or 3 for 25 cents; by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price, by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c each; large size, 35c each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

TRICK CUP.

Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller. Price, 10c, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., New York City.

To Men who are Bald or are Losing Their Hair

Let me tell you of my own case. I was almost completely bald, and as I had tried many tonics, lotions, etc., without benefit, I expected to remain bald for the rest of my life.

But instead of baldness, I now have a complete growth of hair upon my head. This is all the more remarkable because I am 66 years old.

The way that I obtained a perfect hair growth was as simple as it was astonishing to me.

While traveling I met an old Cherokee Indian who gave me a pomade or ointment to use upon my scalp. Although my confidence was meager, I used this compound. He told me it contained selected components from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

This ointment contains no alcohol nor anything else that has a tendency to dry the hair, the scalp or the roots.

The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 25 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BE-103, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phraseology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.

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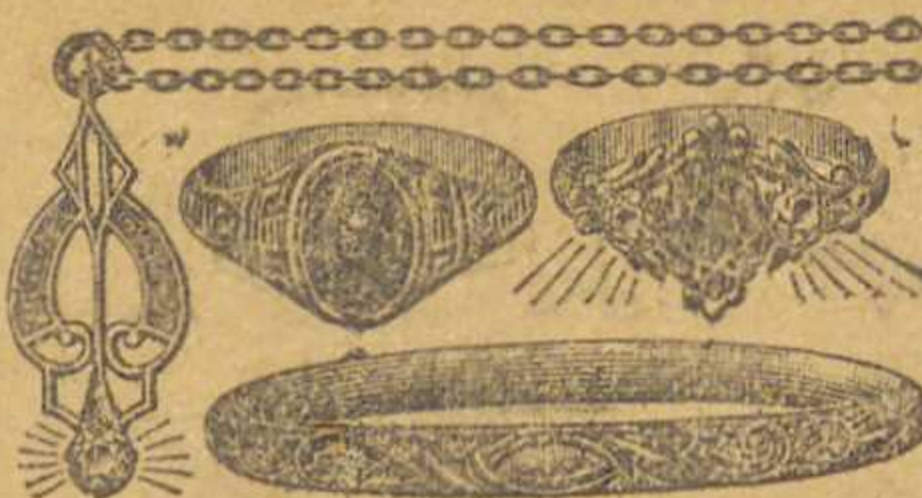
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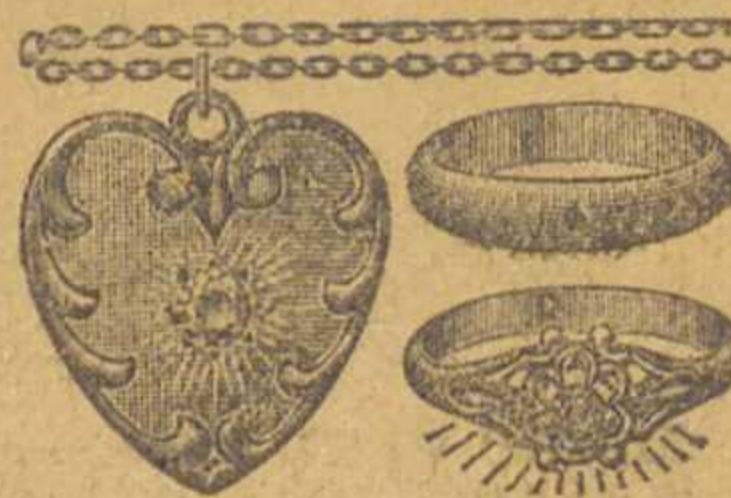


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This genuine Eveready electric Flashlight complete with Tungsten battery, Mazda bulb, etc., size 11-2 x 6-1-2 given FREE for selling 20 packages of BINGO Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Easy to sell. Own a genuine Eveready Daylite. Order goods today. Send no money.
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Gold plated Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Gold plated Pendant and Neck Chain, Gold plated Bracelet and 4 Gold plated Rings. 1918 designs, fresh from the factory. ALL Given FREE to any one for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write to-day. P. S. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.



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Although tobacco does not seem to do any harm to some, many are injured by smoking or chewing. One serious form is amaurosis, a nervous blindness. Heart failure, cancer, nervous breakdowns, etc., are attributed to tobacco. A book telling how to overcome the addiction of smoking, chewing or snuff using, easily and quickly, will be mailed free by the author, Edward J. Woods, WE-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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Learn to escape from any handcuffs. We teach you the secret. You can positively do it. Give exhibitions. Make money. No confederates or fake handcuffs. The HANDCUFF KING'S SECRET will be revealed FREE if you mail us only 30 cents, stamps, for 3 Marvel Menders, useful at home, in kit, factory, camp—everywhere. ALBRO SOCIETY, AD-103, Station F, New York.

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A girl soon learns to write by K. I. shorthand and may earn \$10 to \$35 weekly.

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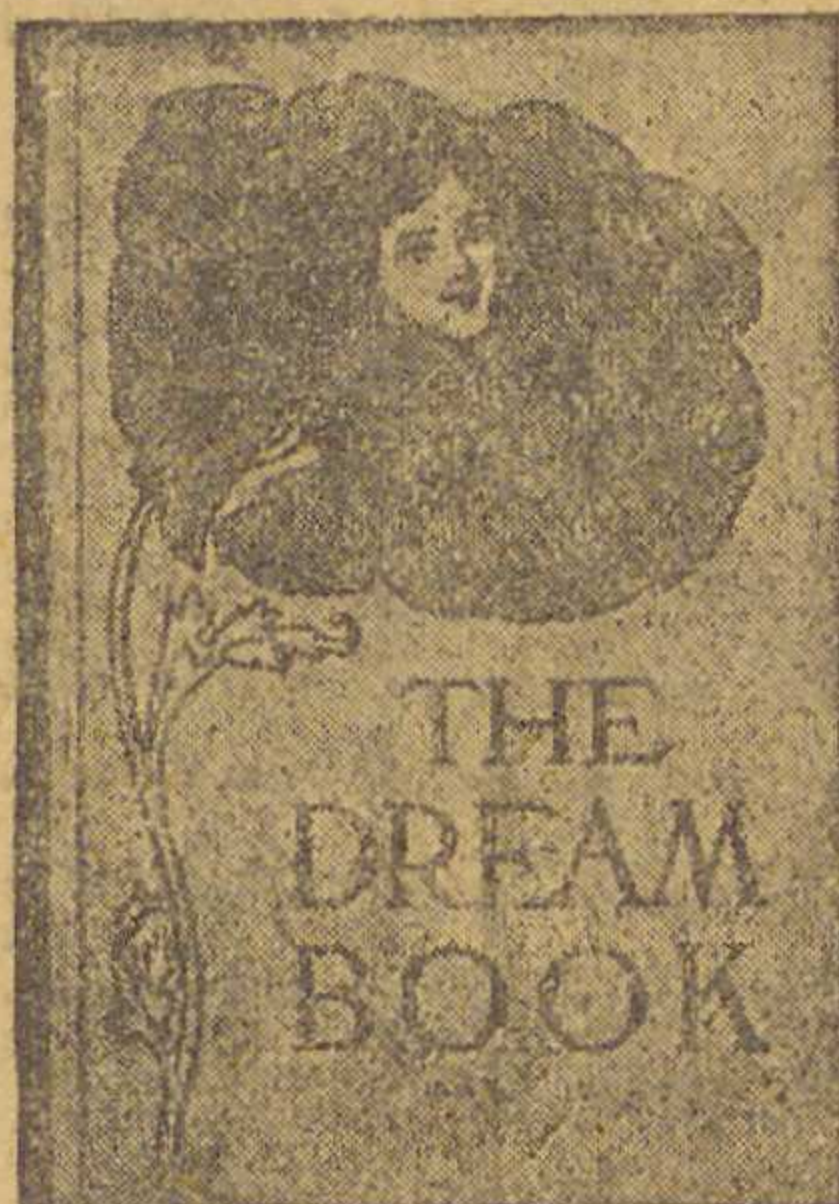


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Whether you believe in fortune telling or that your dreams each have a meaning, you certainly are interested in seeing what is said in these books. The **PEERLESS FORTUNE TELLER** gives information about forecasting the future according to the different ways. Tells how to read the lines of the hand, revelation by tea cups, methods of prophesying through cards, astrology and data about lucky months, days, etc. **Numbers that should win for you.** Good and bad signs. Ladies' oracle. **Surprising secrets.** **THE DREAM BOOK** is full of peculiar interpretations. Examples: if you dream of a postman it means you will have tidings from someone at a distance. If you see a lighthouse in your sleep it means a peaceful life. To shed tears in your dream does not mean coming sorrow—but happiness! And so on—a multitude of definitions for dreams of all kinds. **TWO**

VOLUMES FOR YOU. These are well printed books, cloth bound, with attractive covers. We offer this set of two volumes, packed together, by parcel post, **FREE TO YOU**, if you send only 70 cents for 8 packets of **MARVEL MENDER**, one of the most valuable commodities that can be possessed in the home, which your friends should eagerly buy and thank you for giving them the chance! So remember, you get enough Marvel Mender to sell for cost, also have one packet for yourself, and the two bound books **FREE** by advancing only 70 cents now! Postage stamps accepted. Address:

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Copy this sketch! If **YOU CAN** copy this drawing 40% as good as the reproduction herewith shown, you will receive a correspondence **Tuition Certificate** valued \$10.00 as specified on the voucher for either **Cartooning, Comic Drawing, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating or Commercial Illustrating.** The lessons are given by mail, by the widely known **Associated Art Studios of New York City.**

This is the oldest, largest and most successful practical art school of the kind in America. Our long list of successful students will convince you on this point. Don't hesitate about sending in your name and work. The crudest work often indicates exceptionally promising talent.

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Cigarette Habit

How to Overcome It Quickly and Easily

Unless you have been exceptionally careful the cigarette habit has a hold which you cannot shake off by will power.

The lure of the cigarette is powerful. Is it the nicotine that is poisoning your system, making you nervous, heart weak, dyspeptic, eye strained and irritable?

Are you troubled with sleeplessness at night and dullness in the morning until you have doped yourself with the nicotine of cigarettes or pipe, or chewing tobacco? They're all the same, you know.

Give your poison-saturated body, from your pale yellowish skin right into your pale yel-

lowish liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

Get rid of the vicious habit. Lengthen your life. Become contented and spread happiness among others. Enjoy tranquillity combined with forceful thought and real efficiency.

I know what will conquer the tobacco habit in three days. You gain the victory completely and privately at home.

My new book will be very interesting to you. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, free, postpaid. You will be surprised and delighted if you write to **Edward J. Woods, WT-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.**

Finds Cure For Rheumatism After Suffering 50 Years

Now 83 Years Old
—Regains Strength
and laughs at
"URIC ACID"

Goes Fishing;
Back to Business,
Feels Fine! How
Others May Do It!



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by any authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble. If any reader of the "Tousey's Weeklies" wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post-card or letter to **H. P. Clearwater, 534 Water street, Hallowell, Maine**, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now. You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some friend who may be afflicted.



September Morn Ring—Free

The beautiful raised figure of the young girl is a wonderful reproduction in metal, of the original painting. The background is hard enameled in two colors to represent sea and sky. Ring is made of "Everbright Silver" warranted five years. We send it your correct size, for only 12c to help pay advertising **THE AUCTION CO., Dept. C Attleboro, Mass.**



COME TO THE "MOVIES"

At My House—To-night
50,000 Boys Made Happy

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

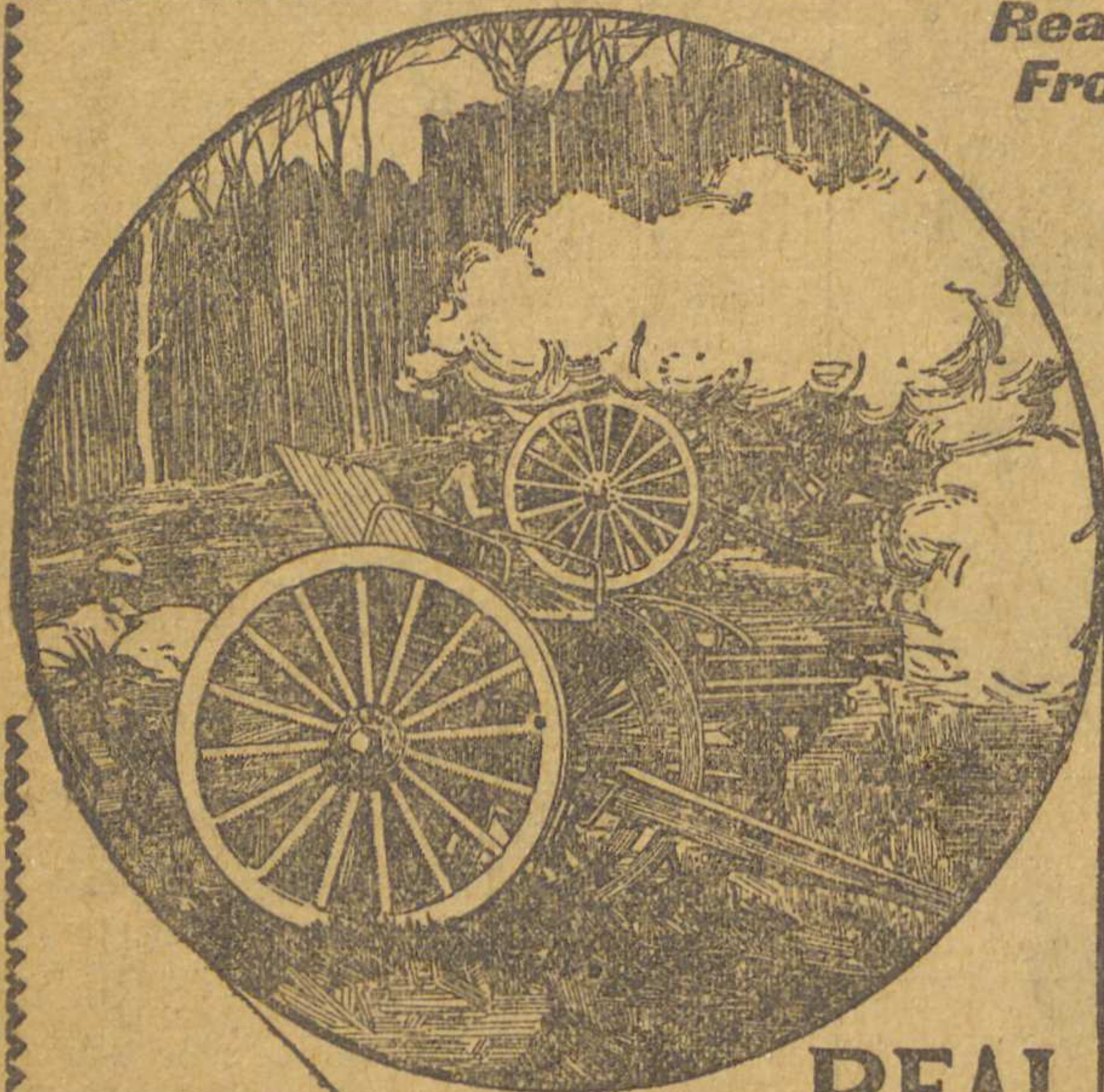
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addle Bresky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home

REAL
MOVING
PICTURES

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light of 500 candle-power on the screen.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$5.00. Send the \$5.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

M. DOONAN, Secy.,
615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 275 New York

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Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

M. DOONAN, Secy.,
615 W. 43d St., Dept. 275. New York

He Quit Cigarettes

Gained Over 30 Pounds



Mr. Ferguson's Experience

"I smoked cigarettes ever since a boy. From six to eight sacks of tobacco, I used weekly.

"They were doing me great harm. I became so nervous that I couldn't sleep until I smoked. Each morning I had an awful taste in my mouth.

"Several times I tried to quit by will-power, but it just seemed that I would go wild if I couldn't have cigarettes.

"I had almost given up hope of ever quitting until one day I sent for a book that told me what to do. After learning the way, I quit easily in 3 days and haven't touched a cigarette in years. I have gained over 30 pounds and cannot praise the method too highly. I say to every cigarette smoker—if you can't quit without help let Mr. Woods help you quit quickly and happily."—so says Mr. S. H. Ferguson of Crumps Park.

The foregoing remarks are like those of many other men who have been freed from the habit of smoking cigarettes, pipe or cigars or who have been chewing tobacco excessively.

Write at once to Mr. Edw. J. Woods, WC-103 Station F. New York, N. Y., and get his book. It is free; postpaid to you. Cut this out and show others.



HUNTING KNIFE AND SHEATH. Best forged steel, tempered, ground and polished. Blade point, 4-inch blade; strong metal handle to meet the rugged use of woods or camp. Sheath made of strong leather, with slotted tang to carry on belt. Lone Scouts, this is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Price 35 cents post paid. Catalog Free.

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Young men who join the Army or Navy and who know stenography are usually given better and quicker advancement, for this knowledge is valuable at the present time. The Government is needing thousands of stenographers.

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